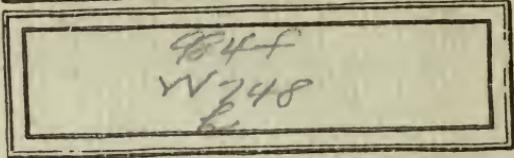
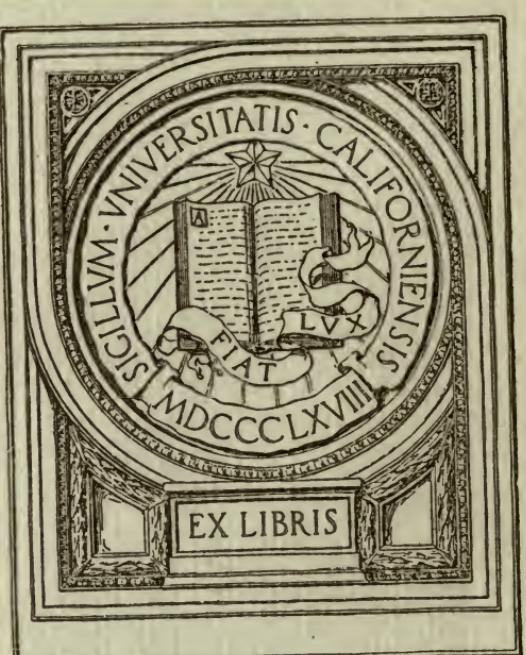


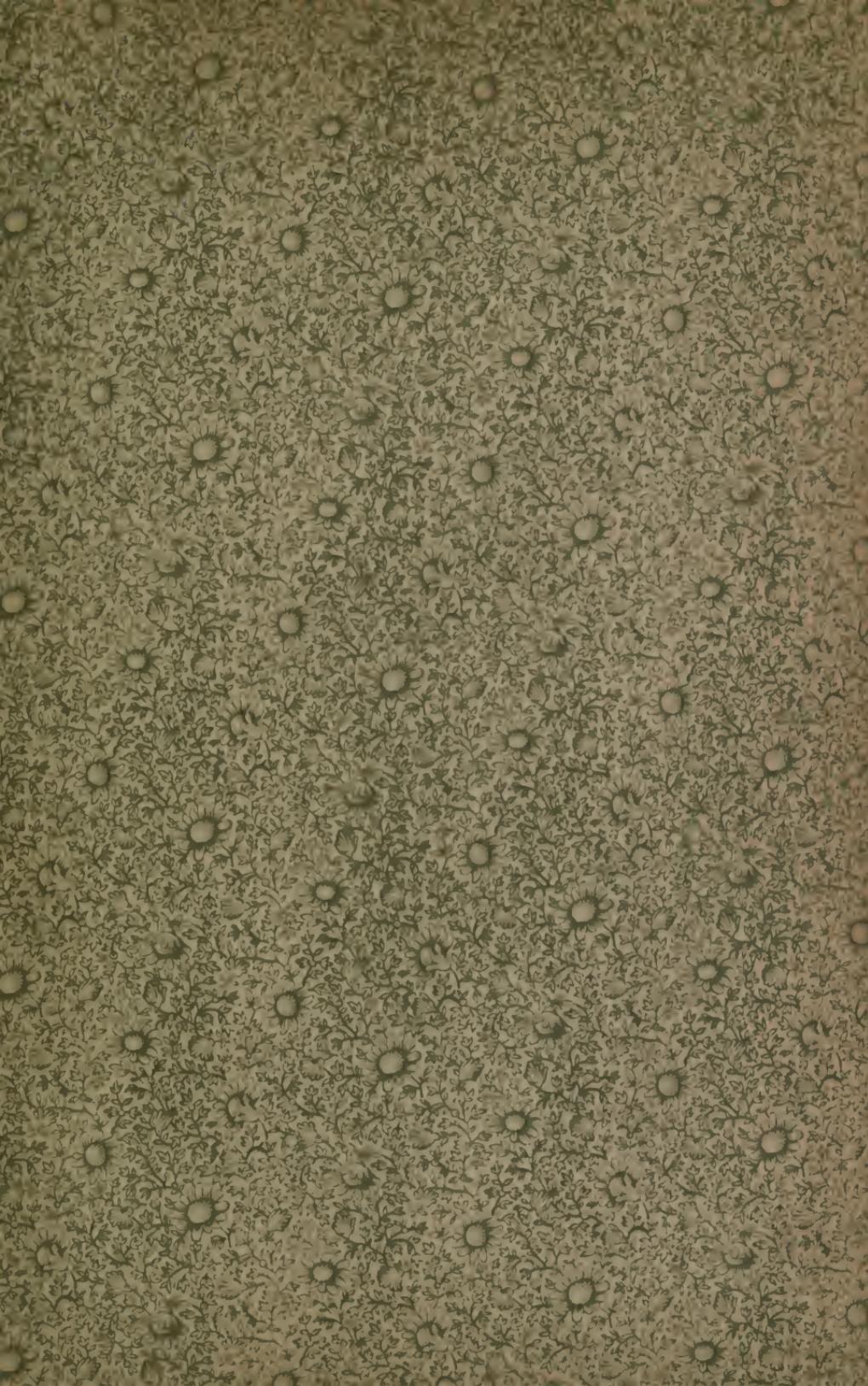
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HOW I DID EUROPE  
AND  
HOW IT DID ME





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No. 35

To M. J. Lytle  
Jan 22<sup>nd</sup> 1908

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James A. Wilson

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San Francisco, Cal.

# HOW I DID EUROPE

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AND

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# HOW IT DID ME

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BY

JAMES A. WILSON

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UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, California

1907.



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1907  
MAIN

Univ. of  
California



To M. M.  
Very truly yours  
James A. Wilson

# HOW I DID EUROPE AND HOW IT DID ME.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

SEATTLE, July 1, 1907.

Friend Dick:

We are now in Seattle, and about to start on our trip across the Continent by the Canadian Pacific to New York and then to Naples, and from there I might say, I don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.

I promised I would let you and the bunch know how it happened, so you will hear from me in a disjointed way, once in a while.

I am not saying anything about the trip in the train from San Francisco to Portland and Seattle, as you and the boys know all about it. Just tell them when lunch time comes to have one with me.

In the meantime, believe me very truly yours for whatever there is in it.

JIM.

## THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Tuesday, July 2, 1907. Left Seattle at 12:15 through a five minutes' tunnel, and in a few minutes found there was no diner on the train. The conductor and porter telegraphed some place for lunch, and at 4 p. m.

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it came aboard done up in a box. It was good and we were hungry. The dinner was put on in the evening and we fared all right.

At Sumas we got our own drawing-room and settled down for a long ride. On Wednesday we started through the Rockies and all that day were passing through the most picturesque country I have ever ridden through on a train.

### Great Divide.

At Field the largest glacier in the world lies in full view; it is a sight well worth seeing and long to be remembered. Just before reaching Field we passed through the Gorge at Kicking-Horse Pass. Close by is what is known as the "Great Divide," where a small stream separates—one becoming the Columbia river and the other finally flowing into Hudson Bay. This place is known as the backbone of the continent. The Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk meet at this point.

I forgot to remark that at Sumas is the line dividing the United States and Canada. There is a kind of double station; on the American side it is called Huntington and on the Canadian Sumas. Two lines of survey can be seen running over the mountains about a quarter of a mile apart, where it would seem a dispute had arisen at some time over the line. I walked into Canada, looked at the Custom House and then came back to America and went to the U. S. Saloon and had a farewell glass of beer for pure patriotism; still the day was warm and perhaps that helped my motive some.

### Across the Continent via Canadian Pacific.

Thursday, 4th. We are now out and away from the Rockies and the Selkirks and traveling through a most uninteresting country and, were it not for what the guide book says about it, it might just as well not have been made, except the narrow strip for the railway.

### Medicine Hat.

We stopped at a place called Medicine Hat, 822 miles from Vancouver, and it is well named for everyone under

the Hat looked as if it had taken or required medicine; 3500 population; chief industry, loafing.

### **Swift Current.**

Swift Current is another alleged town at which we stopped. It is built on a pretty stream bearing that name, but the stream was nowhere in evidence, and the only thing that dignifies it is that the Canadian Government maintains a meteorological station there, to tell the population how the wind blows.

### **Moose Jaw.**

Moose Jaw, population 7000, junction and division line where the Soo line runs direct to St. Paul. Moose are said to abound in the country around. I was moosing around here and Nellie came pretty near loosing me.

### **Winnepeg.**

Arrived at Winnepeg about 4 hours late. This is the Capital of the Province of Manitoba; has a population of 100,000. The Royal Alexandra Hotel, owned by the Canadian Pacific R. R., cost \$1,250,000. The town is well built of brick and stone, has good looking street cars; two rivers meet here, the Red and the Assiniboine. Both are open to steamboat service. This town has been for years the chief port of the Hudson Bay Company. The country abounds with beautiful lakes, large and small.

### **Port Arthur.**

We came to Port Arthur, with a population of 8,000. It is on Thunder Bay, an arm of Lake Superior, owns its own street railways, electric light, water and telephone service.

### **Ottawa.**

Ottawa, 70,000 population; Capital of Canada, on the junction of Rideau and Ottawa rivers. Splendid

government buildings are erected of stone, and they call it the Washington of the North.

### MONTREAL.

Sunday, 7th, Montreal: Arrived about 11:30 a. m., went to the Windsor, the best hotel in town, from what we could learn. It is a fine city and has a population of about 450,000. It is built on the St. Lawrence River and connects with the great lakes. The scenery is good; splendid bridges span the river and a natural park or mountain, known as Mount Royal, up which a zig-zag drive of splendid character lands you at the top, where a circular place has been cleared and a low stone wall built around. The city lies below and presents a fine appearance with its red brick buildings, broken here and there with city structures of stone. I think this is the best city in Canada; largely strewn with Irish. You hear some English, much Irish brogue and more French. A statue of a horse on its hind legs and a soldier restraining him by the bridle stands on a granite base, commemorating the loyalty of Canada to the British, and the formation at this point of a regiment of horse to fight against the Boers in the late war with Africa.

Montreal is a dry town on Sunday, but in the hotels thirst destroying prevails in every language.

Monday morning at 10:15 we left for New York and arrived in the evening, behind time, at the Great Northern Station, where we got a carriage and drove to the Hoffman House, dead tired of traveling by rail, although we had ridden all the way from San Francisco in a drawing-room with all the comforts appertaining thereto.

### NEW YORK.

Tuesday, 9th. Devoted the forenoon to seeing Judge Hitchcock and steamship people, Van Schaick Company and others; after noon, sight-seeing in the automobiles, and very nearly caused a strike of the passengers by demanding that the old thing start on time; indeed, I had gotten out and a number of ladies were about to follow. When we started we took what is known as the "up town" drive, Fifth Ave., Central Park, the River Side, Cross Town and back to the Flat Iron Building, whence we started having had pointed out the residence of all the

millionaires, who have city houses, the buildings of note, municipal, state or national.

In the evening we went to the Madison Roof Garden, the place where White was shot by Thaw, a poor place even to shoot a dog, and a poor place for either or any of them to be. We left after the first act. The show had a name, we had no program, but it didn't matter; it was vaudeville and poor at that.

### NIAGARA FALLS.

Wednesday, 10th. Started for Niagara Falls on the Empire State Limited, the most noted train in the world, according to the railroad statement, making three stops in 440 miles, running over 50 miles an hour, including stops. Arrived at 5:15 or a few seconds ahead of time at Buffalo.

Changed cars, and at 6:10 arrived at Niagara, 22 miles further, by another train, put up at the Prospect, a finely-appointed home-like hotel, had a fine suite of rooms and bath, after dinner walked through Prospect Park down to the bridge and had a good view of the Falls. I have visited them before in winter and like them perhaps better in that season.

Thursday 11th. When we arose it was raining. We had a victoria carriage, ordered the evening before for a four hours' drive. It came on time but the rain was still doing business. We started, however, and visited the different view points, going down the incline-railroad to the whirlpool, visiting the Canadian side (paying toll going and coming). The rain getting worse, we told the driver to return to the hotel and call for us at train time. We cut out our visit to the cave of the winds, under the Falls, on account of the weather.

We left at 11:45 a. m., caught our Empire State train at Buffalo at 1 p. m., landing in New York at 10 p. m., got a carriage and drove to the Hoffman, where we found a large amount of mail waiting for us, with farewell messages from our friends in San Francisco and other places.

Friday, 12th. Devoted the principal part of the day shopping and getting ready to sail, but in the early evening ordered a carriage and drove across the Brooklyn Bridge then back by Wall street and Trinity Church and

the Latin quarter. We finished packing for an early start and found that since we started we had spent about seventy dollars in increased baggage. This note I make for my wife's benefit, as she reads this after I am finished writing.

### ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

Saturday 13th. Said goodbye to mine host of the Hoffman at nine o'clock a. m., and with a wagon for our belongings and a carriage for ourselves, were on our way to the boat, the "Prinzess Irene." Everything found its way to our cabin without mishap, and at 11 sharp pulled out of the slip with the German band (which I found we carry along) playing "Star Spangled Banner," and thus began our trip across the ocean blue, on our way to Naples. Everybody seemed busy, putting their things in shape after we had passed the points of interest going out of the harbor.

Our quarters are very good and built to accommodate four, but is occupied, as per price, paid by my wife and myself. I place her first, as she occupies all the cabin except the upper berth.

Sunday 14th. The morning broke fine because it was the 14th and the German ship company didn't want to throw any salt water on the Frenchman's day, and the German band at lunch-time even so far forgot itself as to play Red, White and Blue. We who were French among the passengers taking it as a compliment to our country applauded, and the English and Americans thought they might be included, helped us out in the applause, and after lunch we found out it was a medley in which most of the numbers were Dutch; so we all tacked to the lee scuppers and felt blue, leaving out the red and white.

We received the list of passengers in a printed booklet, and they must have discovered the Irish in me, for I find I am down as "James O'Wilson." The people are looking each other over, taking in their fine points and others—principally others. The officers are all apparently nice and from my observations the passengers, with few exceptions, will do.

The weather has been fine all day, therefore church service and prayers were omitted.





Monday 15th. Weather fine, with head wind, hoping for a little excitement of that character so that a dear lady who persistently sits with a red umbrella up all the time, and who occupies her vocal powers and the chair next to mine, explaining to her lady friend in the adjoining chair how much she enjoyed herself on her "lawst tewea," might find at least a change of position and occupation, so that her stomach might silence her tongue and give me a chance of peace with honor.

Tuesday 16th Wind blew some last night and yesterday late, which brought some relief from the red umbrella.

A new bother has appeared. At our table are seven, or "we are seven"; a Spanish gentleman, a good-natured looking German and a lady who would be his young wife had she room on any of her fingers for a wedding ring. Unfortunately they are all occupied with the most fantastic works of art. They would look well as shoe buckles. She would not be bad looking were it not for a ballet-dancer expression on her lips. The other couple are a little too much for me yet. I am guessing. He is a military man, a son of a father whose only boy was he, or a drummer, I cannot tell which, as all three characters jump on the waiter.

His wife is a would-be-good-natured woman, and is quite home-like, as she did not feel the necessity of looking dignified.

I imagine they think I am some fellow from out West, soured at the world, using vinegar pickles as a steady diet, getting off in the corner thrice a day to hate myself.

Wednesday, 17th. "Nothin' doin';" same faces, some are beginning to look good to me though. After you have rubbed up against them a little and the veneer gets worn off, you find some good fellows. I discovered college professors, sculptors, doctors, business men and myself, most of them inclined to cultivate a friendly interchange of ideas on almost any subject, from the latest corruption in politics to "who made God."

Thursday, 18th. Nothing of importance happened, except to get better acquainted with those already known and make the acquaintance of some others. Among the

latter may be numbered Mr .Meade, a sculptor and maker of the group in marble of Queen Isabella offering her jewels so that Columbus may be enabled to proceed with his discoveries. This he made for the Capitol of California at Sacramento, where it now stands in the rotunda. He also modeled the group in bronze of the Stanford family at the University. He is quite interesting and is married to an Italian wife and has his home and studio in Florence.

We also have a Princess and her daughter—Italian I believe. The girl is about 13-14 and very deep dark red hair, a romping good-natured English-spoken girl, who seems to forget that she is the daughter of anyone in particular.

### AZORES ISLANDS.

Friday 19th. Great day. After remaining up till after midnight on account of the perfect beauty of the night, got up at the usual time, went through all the usual business, when about 9 a. m. land was sighted. The Azores, or as they are known by sailors, the Western Islands. They were instantly the attraction and every glass on board was kept busy until late in the afternoon, when we left them behind.

I will describe them now while I have the data and it is fresh in my mind: They consist of a group of nine, located in mid-Atlantic, about 400 miles in extent, running W.N.W. by E.S.E., situated between lat.  $36^{\circ} 59'$  and  $39^{\circ} 44'$  North and longitude  $25^{\circ} 10'$  and  $31^{\circ} 7'$  West of Greenwich

San Miguel, the largest, lies E. N. E. and W. S. W. in  $37^{\circ} 59'$  North latitude and  $25^{\circ} 12'$  West longitude is about 700 miles west of the coast of Portugal and 1147 from the Lizard. Flores, the most western of the islands, is 1680 miles from the shores of Newfoundland. They are named: San Miguel, Santa Maria, Terceira, San Jorge, Pico, Fayal, Graciosa, Flores and Corvo.

They are of volcanic origin, and were inhabited long before the American Continent was discovered. The population are Portuguese, with a total number of possibly 500,000 as in the census taken in 1878 they had a population of 259,790. On one of the islands is to be found a race so entirely different that some writer has

claimed they were originally peopled by the Phoenicians. These people are found in the town of Hoto, and retain their own style of dress and habits; will not marry with the Portuguese and live in an old dilapidated street in what is known as the old town. Just when the islands were first peopled, I cannot tell, so let it go at that, but I learn that in 1433 the islands were given by King Duarte to his brother Prince Henry, the Navigator, for having re-located them. It would seem from this that someone had carelessly mislaid them and didn't know where they were.

In 1450 some 2000 colonists were sent out; some from Flanders, on account of their heads being wanted at home, and some Portuguese, and so it seems they kept sending passage money for their other friends, till in 1490 there were several thousands of Flanders; but the Portuguese got a hunch that it was up to them to get some more voters or the country would go to the bow-wows, and so they sent in enough to marry all available Flander women and proceeded to raise the Portuguese vote to such an extent that at the end of the 16th century no one would even admit that a Flander ever lived in the ward.

It is related in print that in the year 1493 Christopher Columbus, after his discovery of Hispaniola, or Haiti, was blown around to such an extent that his good ship, the "Nina" made for Santa Maria. He had promised during the storm that if the Holy Virgin would call it off, when he struck the first place he would, with the whole bunch, walk naked, except a thin shirt, and give thanks, and on landing on Santa Maria started half of the ship's crew ashore to make good, but the Governor, Don Iva de Castenheda, a plain-clothes man, arrested the bunch and put them in prison, as he thought they were pirates. The "Nina" in the meantime had to put to sea on account of another storm, but soon came back and Columbus had a parley with the Governor and putting up bail for his men had them all out, and on the 24th of February sailed away.

Now that is the history of these islands, whether true or not, but the islands are there to speak for themselves, and a prettier sight I never saw in a tropical climate. Everything that can be dreamed of is grown and the picturesqueness of the upright farms, as some of them are, is remarkable; every field on these slopes being divided from the adjoining one by a stone wall or dyke. The

houses are built of adobe, or native stone, and present a strange and interesting picture.

Churches abound in all the islands. I understand their trade is all with Portugal, of which they are a dependency. The cultivated fields, the tremendous amount of labor expended in building up terrace after terrace on the sloping hill sides on which to plant vines, pine apple trees and fruits of all kinds show them to be a people at least of a dogged and persevering character. From a scenic point of view, I am in love with it. As a place of residence I am afraid I would find things a little lonely and a great deal too hot.

Saturday, 20th. Just finished crib contest with Mr. Levy Barbour of Detroit, Mich. He beat me. I had been telling him how I would wear his scalp at my belt and drag his tail feathers through the lee scuppers. We finished at 11 p. m. Saturday night, so, I being defeated, set about getting something ready for the occasion, and on Sunday had the half of a cantelope scooped out, carved in the outside skin of it, Wilson Scalp "that's all," and on the other side "Crib." I decorated the engraving with cotton batting, got a large soup tureen and placed the prize in it so that it was covered by the lid. It made quite an imposing appearance (the urn did), and after lunch when we were all in the smoking room we formed a kind of meeting, I was called on for a speech and surrendered the Championship of the world to Mr. Barbour, presenting him with the trophy. He replied and we had a few drinks and the affair ended very happily.

### GIBRALTER.

Monday, 21st. Early in the morning about 11 a. m. land was sighted on the coast of Africa and soon Spain on the opposite shore. The attention of the passengers was held from this time onward on account of the change of scene and the many ships sighted, as many as six being in full view at one time; as we approached Gibraltar we passed through the waters where Nelson fought his famous battle of Trafalgar, saw the Spanish fortification and by a strange coincidence it was a Spanish gentleman—one of our passengers—that pointed out the place to me. The old fort and town of Tariffa (that's how it is pronounced,

I don't know how it is spelled. It was all very interesting.

We soon got in full view of the great historic rock, a piece of real estate I had often wished to see and that many of the nations of the earth would like to own.

Circling around we soon got very close to it and a most wonderful sight it became with its wireless poles, its roads around, its observation stations and buildings for officers and men, and finally its apparent readiness to play ball.

We came to anchor close to the town and were taken ashore in a tender, a neat little steamer, landed and got into a carriage, which I had already secured through an agent of Cook's who came on board. It was like all the others, a hackney carriage capable of seating four inside. No, that's wrong, it had seats for four, but how four people could sit with any comfort I cannot understand, for the seats face each other and when I sat down my knees practically touched the seat in front of me. The driver sits in front and there is room for another passenger alongside of him, usually occupied by the interpreter; at any rate we were all right, as we had the whole carriage to ourselves, having paid for it. A carriage costs \$4.00 whether you are two or four. We were rather lucky in getting a driver who spoke pretty fair English, and was altogether a decent fellow. He drove us through the principal streets and to the points of interest, through the old Spanish Gate out to the Gardens where a bust of Elliot is placed on a shaft, and further along, over a bridge, was one of Wellington. The town itself is quaint and very picturesque, as is its history. We drove along the Neutral Zone over as far as Spain. At either end of this Neutral Zone or ground, sentries are stationed. At the Spanish Gate a British carriage is refused admittance. At the British side, gates are erected at which soldiers stand and refuse admittance to Spanish carriages. You may enter on foot at either point, after they search you for concealed cannons and other things that might cause the downfall of either country.

A large number of Spanish people are employed in Gibraltar but when they quit work are compelled to walk out of town across the Neutral Zone and enter the Spanish

Gate, there to remain until they again go to work on the morrow.

The gates of Gibraltar are closed every evening at a given hour, varying five minutes each day as the days lengthen or shorten, being closed at 5:40 p. m. from Nov. 30th to December 10th, and in summer the latest June 5th to July 4th, at 8:30 p. m.

It had a population in 1901 of 27,460 as follows:

Civil.....	20,355
Military.....	6,475
Port and Harbor.....	630    27,460

Of the above population there are 3198 aliens. It has an average rainfall of about 35 inches, but good water from the earth is scarce. As to its history, it has had a varied one. It is one of the ancient pillars of Hercules, the other being Mount Abyla (Cruta) and was first known to the Phoenicians. It was first inhabited by the Mohammedans when they wanted Spain. It appears that one Tarik-Ibn-Zeyad, a Moorish chief, landed on the rock on the 30th of April, 711, taking possession and naming it after himself, Gibal-Tarik, or mountain of Tarik. It is claimed by the historian that the present name is a corruption of the above words. It has had many possessors from one period to another, Spanish Moors and Mohammedan taking it from each other, when they needed exercise, but since 1309 up to the time the British took it for keeps it has had eight sieges—1309-15-33-33-49-1411-35-62, taken again by the Spanish. This capture was effected on the 20th of August, St. Bernard's Day, so he is the Patron Saint.

On the 19th of February, 1706, Gibraltar was declared a free port by Queen Anne, and in 1713 it was ceded to the British by treaty.

In 1799 Spain took a last chance at it. This is known as the great siege of Gibraltar and lasted till March 12th, 1783, when peace was declared and Gibraltar left standing, doing business at the same old stand. It was in this great seige that General Elliot made his name, a bust of him being placed, as I mentioned, in the Gardens.

The rock itself rises on the bluff side straight up 1400 feet., crowned by a powerful battery. The North high point known as Rock Gun or Wolfs Crag is 1250 feet at the signal station 1255 feet and at the South O'Haras

Tower 1408 feet. The rock itself is limestone or marble formation and red sandstone.

The town has two parts, the north and south—the north being the business and best part. It has two parallel streets, Waterport street and Irishtown. Back of these streets on terraces are built houses, tier upon tier to about 250 feet above the water. An old Moorish Castle stands out on the side of the rock, back of the town. It is in ruins if course, being built by the Moors in 732 A. D. The South town consists of private dwellings and admiralty quarters, being separated from the North, or business part by the Alameda and Public Gardens.

The general impression made on a visitor would be that of an Englishman in Moorish costume smoking Spanish cigarettes. The houses look more or less English, the stores Moorish and the average individual Spanish and English and conglomerate. The streets are very narrow, the mode of conveyance being hackney carriage for the stranger, donkey mostly for the Spaniard, and walking for the others.

Visitors are now forbidden admittance to what is known as the Galleries, that being the name bestowed on the fortification. Altogether it is a wonderful sight and one not likely to be forgotten.

## NAPLES.

Thursday, July 25th. At last, after 12 days, as pleasantly spent both as to weather and the last week or so as to friendships, we arrived in a town that turns out to be a wonder as to history and population. We could not land direct on the wharf but had to take a small steamer or tender (they are getting a landing place ready). A gentleman from Naples came on board, informed me that he was a guide and an honest one at that, and could prove it by several letters in his possession which he practically insisted on me reading. I read some of them, but not knowing how many guides would be necessary, concluded not to engage too many until I found out the strength of the enemy. Still my would-be guide hung on to me and directed the small army that attached themselves to my baggage and bossed them in a true Neapolitan style, giving instructions as to proceeding with the Custom House officials, and indeed was quite a help. In

a short time he reduced my army to one and made him pack everything from the boat to the tender. The army sweat to the extent of 2 francs and after the Custom inspection was over and my things deposited in a carriage selected by my would-be general, my army of one informed me through his superior robber chief, that while I had kindly paid him for taking my things on board the tender, I had forgotten all about the Custom House, etc. Being thus rudely awakened I dug in my pockets and discovered a lot of small change, dimes and centimes, dumped them all in the hands of the army and inquired if that was all right. My would be manager announced that it was all right and directed the carriage to proceed.

It did but we had not gone one hundred feet when the pirate-in-charge of the one-horse craft turned around and announced that it would cost me one dollar in American money to get to Bertolini's Hotel. Not knowing how far it was, I feebly instructed him to proceed and that I would settle when he delivered the goods. This seemed to quiet the animal and after about twenty-five minutes' drive we came to a stop. We had arrived at the lift, or rather at the entrance to a long tunnel leading to the lift, which is 240 feet.

A dapper little fellow came out of the office end of the tunnel and I asked him how much I should pay the driver and he said 30 cents and at this the driver looked the price. I instructed this new found friend to pay the cabman 50 cents and, giving him a five franc bill—or one dollar in American money—bade him buy a farm on the change. The hack man took his medicine as if he liked it and cracked his whip like ready money.

This little fellow, whose name I did not ascertain, proved to be a most gentlemanly little fellow and had complete control over all carriage drivers that came to the Hotel and, it being the best in the city, the drivers were afraid to incur his ill-will.

Our things were soon on the lift, and arriving at the office we found a little Swiss maid in charge. She spoke English with a Cockney accent, so much so indeed that I asked her if she were not English.

We were, as per our request, assigned to a room with a bath, but it might have as well been called a bath and room, for there was room enough in the bath-room to start a bathing establishment and the room was large in

proportion (so were the charges as we afterwards found out).

Naples we found to be quite a city, of about 550,000 and the largest city in Italy as to numbers. It is very old in history, dating back to 1056 B. C. It is of Greek origin. It was formerly the Capital of the Kingdom of Naples and is now the Capital of the Providence of Naples in the Kingdom of Italy. It is not great of itself in commerce, but it has a history and possesses art treasures not of its own but of Pompeii and Herculaneum that make it noted throughout the world. It is supposed to be the most beautifully situated city in the world—at the base of Mount Vesuvius and on the Bay of Naples. It seems it used to be a saying: "See Naples and die." That was all right. I would say the same, but let the death part of it be a long time after.

Naples as a town is not a thing of beauty in its buildings, so far as architecture in general is concerned, but it has some very beautiful places, especially where their historic value is concerned, and when I say this I don't mean the city itself, but its immediate surroundings.

July 27th. Spent a very pleasant day in the Naples National Museum where all, or pretty nearly all, the art of Pompeii and Herculaneum are stored. Most wonderful is about as much as I can say, after looking at their marbles, their bronzes and their paintings, mosaics, personal ornaments, etc. Naples has some fine buildings. I say some, but her average is common. One building and its contents stands out beyond all, and that is San Martino, an old Monastery, now owned by the Government and used as a kind of museum. It contains a wonderful collection of originals and copies of old masters; carvings in wood by old monks; mosaics of great merit, and a picture supposed to be painted (a ceiling effect in 48 hours by Luca Giordano, representing Judith) when the painter was in his 72nd year. Looking at the picture and the age of the painter, a chance for a miracle or a large number of assistants comes in.

The Belvedere, a military station —also on this the highest hill around. It contains the Castle St. Elmo and a grand view of the city and Vesuvius can be had from this point.

One phase of business life in Naples should be mentioned, as it will strike the ordinary visitor as strange—

that is the milk delivery. Instead of wagons rattling up the streets in the middle of the night and your milk left on the door step, the Neapolitans are served from herds of goats or a cow or two. Almost any afternoon, you will see from 5 to 10 goats on the sidewalk, waiting the return of the boss and one of their number, that has been run upstairs to be milked for a customer.

The goats can get up a flight of stairs quicker than the milker. It is quite a sight to see half a dozen goats quietly chewing the cud on the sidewalk, while the boss is chewing the rag upstairs. Any one desiring cows' milk, instead of goats, watch when the cow man comes around with a couple of cows, and lower a can or pitcher from the 3rd. or 4th. story window and wait till the cow is milked into the receptacle. No pure food inspection necessary. You see your goat or cow; you watch the operation; no middle man here; it is direct from the producer to the consumer.

## POMPEII.

July 26th. Took the train in the morning, an after one hour's ride reached the station. The trains are something like the English, but a little worse, I hope. The first-class are not compared to the American trains. We got aboard and our tickets were collected when passing out of the gate at Pompeii, and so far as I remember, we could have had a third-class ticket and ridden in a first-class car. Anyhow, we got there, walked about a couple of blocks, bought tickets and a guide and started to visit the world-renowned City of Pompeii. It would appear that it was founded about 600 B. C., and had a very up and down sort of existence until about 80 B. C. when the Romans having got into the habit of taking any old thing from a city to a nation, annexed Pompeii and made it a kind of out-of-town residence place. It was about this time that Rome was splurging so much in fast life and Pompeii became the scene of some of the greatest feasts, in every sense of the word, that the world has ever heard of.

It practically became the centre of refinement, art and licentious vulgarity. It would seem from what I can learn that religion had become practically dead so far as

real belief goes among the enlightened, but they kept up the appearance to keep the poorer element in subjection, and to such extremes did they go in their religious deception that we find goddesses that were placed in the different temples with holes in the back of their heads from which pipes lead to under ground passages. The priests of these special gods would, upon occasions, speak through the pipes when it became necessary and a miracle was wrought immediately. I have seen the gods and goddesses and their temples, and they surely had enough to satisfy any Roman community; but with all their apparent hypocrisy, extravagance and licentiousness Pompeii was the centre of art and philosophy.

Its first great trouble occurred in 63 A. D., when a violent earthquake, on the 5th of February, knocked things galley west, upset their temples and their homes. The city was deserted for a time but gradually people came back and rebuilt their houses and some of the temples and public buildings, although it would appear in a half-hearted way, but gradually gaining confidence from year to year, so that in 79 A. D., when it was destroyed, it had regained most of its wonted splendour and all of its vices.

The city was buried—one account of the destruction says the 23rd of August, 79 A. D. and another the 23rd of November of the same year. Anyhow, it occurred, and from what I can learn by reading, the shaking of the earth on this occasion was followed by dense clouds of black smoke and volcanic ashes so thick and so black that when it settled on Pompeii, persons could not see each other. Deluges of rain beat down the ashes and pumice stone dust. People became wild, as in all panics, hundreds attempted to make their escape through the marine gate to the sea, and I was informed that owing to the narrowness of this street (as, indeed, of all streets in Pompeii) it became choked up with people who perished, and when this street was excavated, the largest portion of bones was found there.

The eruption, it seems, lasted for about three days, and people who had escaped returned more or less, especially those who had rich belongings, or those who knew of rich belongings of others, and there is no doubt that much

looting was done, as happened when San Francisco was destroyed.

The situation in Pompeii appeared to be hopeless and no one seemed to have enough courage to take hold, although the reigning Emperor Titus seemed determined to help. Money and other necessaries were sent to the relief of the people, but he found new troubles of his own and forgot Pompeii.

The former residents who escaped were not desirous of trying again and so the city was left to itself. Centuries of accumulation completely buried the former art centre and it became entirely forgotten. No one seemed to know where it was until in 1592 an architect, by the name of Fantana, when cutting for an aqueduct run across some old foundations and inscriptions, and while he knew he had struck something old, he did not know it was part of Pompeii.

The discovery of Herculaneum in 1748, destroyed at the same time as Pompeii, set the wise ones guessing, and after a lot of talk some prisoners were set to work excavating, but not to dig up and expose the buried city, but for works of art. In 1860 it was taken hold of in earnest, and what we see of it is on account of the efforts from that time on. As it is, and as we saw it, and its products elsewhere, it was and is wonderful. Its temples were grand, both in size and appointments; its statues and bronzes are of world-wide reputation, and while I have seen most of them that were collected together, I am not qualified as an art student to comment further than to say, as far as I can see and know, they are very wonderful, both in design and execution.

I was informed that when the city was destroyed it contained about 30,000 population. Some celebrated characters lived and died there. The houses were one and two stories. I think there was only one three story building in the place. Some paintings in the form of panels and freizes are still on the walls of the more recently excavated buildings. A great deal of restoration has been done, but the streets, as a rule, are as they were found. Stepping stones are found at all crossings and on all streets may be found marks of the wheels of the vehicles then used.

Gods in those days were plentiful, as indicated by the many temples. The people drank much and gambled

more. They were very rich or awfully poor, either slave or owner, but all imbued, it would seem, with the one consuming idea of immorality as we understand it today. But be all these things as they may, Pompeii to me, from what I know of her past and what I can see of her at present, is great and an object lesson to the civilized world as a copy and a warning.

### THE POSILIVO.

The drive out from Naples is fine. You see grottos or real cave dwellers, houses literally cut into the Tufa or mud stone from the volcano that is used in building all the houses in Naples. In driving out this way you also pass the house where Garibaldi died (his body rests in Sicily, his native home). We also passed a cave or cut in the rock, where we found a blacksmith shop on the road level, a dwelling above and on top of all a church, and I wondered did it happen that way, or were they put there as representing Hell, Earth and Heaven.

We also had our attention called to an ancient residence on an island where Cassius summered, a place where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome, and a summer residence of a gentleman by the name of Nero, somewhat better known as a fiddler than even Schmitz, who used to spend his evenings practising for the grand concert in which he led when Rome was burned, and this recalls a thought, why didn't that other fiddler play when San Francisco was burning? Well, perhaps he was making other arrangements.

On this drive as well as on the trip to Pompeii we were accompanied by my puzzle and his wife, who sat at our table on the steamer, and who turned out to be most excellent people, and who at Pompeii seemed to enjoy with us their meal of flies, as well as the slumming of Naples. They are gone, pleasant memories linger; not of the flies or the slums, but of the puzzle.

### LA CAVE.

July 28th. Took train and guide for La Cave to take in some of the most beautiful scenery I have yet enjoyed. Our guide is the man who has driven us around Naples. His good-natured "please" and a "Mr. Wilson" when he

wants attention are a part of his accomplishments.

A ride of two hours brought us to La Cave, so-called because of caves. We stayed here long enough to go to the Hotel Londres, where I had a bottle of beer and had another put in our carriage as a safeguard, because in Italy you can get wine almost anywhere, but beer seldom. The whip cracked and we were off. By the way, if I have not mentioned it before, the cracking of the whip in Italy is a very important affair. Crack your whip and it seems to me you are at liberty to run over anyone who should ordinarily hear your crack. We travelled for 16 miles through villages, villas and hills. There may be prettier scenery somewhere else in the world, but at present I am a Missourian. I thought the people in the Azores were great in reclaiming land by building walls, but they hadn't graduated from the grammer school in that industry, compared with the finished college people of horticulture and venticulture of the Appenines. Why, walls 10 to 30 feet high of rocks are built on almost perpendicular mountain sides for the purpose of gaining about four feet of level ground. Then they have to go and rob nature from some other place for earth, pack it in baskets on their shoulder or head, and then plant either grapes or lemons and attend to them in such a manner that if Californians devoted one-quarter of the time to their orchards and vineyards, it seems to me our wines and fruits would be so materially benefitted that we would be for quality the wine and fruit country of the world. Well, this story is almost as long as our drive.

### AMALFI.

We arrived at Amalfi, after a drive of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. I should remark, however, that the road we had traversed was almost on the sea coast and a rough one at that, but the road was a dandy, and all the way, as I learned after lunch when we drove to Sorrento, has a bulkhead wall on the ocean side for about 36 miles about 2' 6" high of stone. Sometimes large rocks fall from the overhanging cliffs and carry away parts of this wall, but the Province takes care of it and the rock that tumbles down is used to build up the new wall.

In Amalfi I am sure I saw old men of 70 or 80 who

were born in the place and I believe never knew what it meant to have shoes on their feet.

I wandered around after having lunch, waiting for it to get cool, and I was either importuned by carriage drivers for hire, beggars for money, or stared at to such an extent that I didn't get a look at the Cathedral, which in Italy is usually the most magnificent sight of the town; no matter how poor in residence, it is always rich in churches.

### SORRENTO.

Well, a continuation of our drive brought us into Sorrento in the evening about 8:30 p. m. We were driven to the Hotel Tramontano. We were assigned to quarters consisting of a large drawing-room and bed-room opening out on the waters of the Bay of Naples. We afterwards found out that these rooms were occupied by the then Prince Imperial of Prussia, Frederick, in 62, and that the Princess of Russia, who afterward became somebody else, had also slept and possibly snored in these very same rooms. We were tired and, like the former royal occupants, had dinner served in the apartments, not because of our royalty but because of the hour.

The Feast of Santa Ana was finished at 11 by a great display of fireworks close to our room. I forgot to mention that I tipped the waiter with a franc and someone else on account of our satchels, or something, but in the morning it seemed to me that everyone in the hotel was in our employ, not permanently but just long enough to acquire a franc. At 10 a. m., after settling with everybody I could find, my wife informed me, that it was at least an hour since she had given the chambermaid a franc, and as I had noticed her watching me and saying "good-night" as I passed, I hurried back and found her beating my pillow and using the most violent language. It was Italian! She saw me; I saw her. She smiled; I coughed up a franc. The atmosphere cleared, so did I, thinking I was happy if broke. We took a small boat and went out to meet the steamer that was to take us to the blue Grotto at the Island of Capri. Just as I was getting on the steamer I remembered that neither the second cook nor the dish-washer had been tipped. The

result was indigestion and dirty water all the balance of the day.

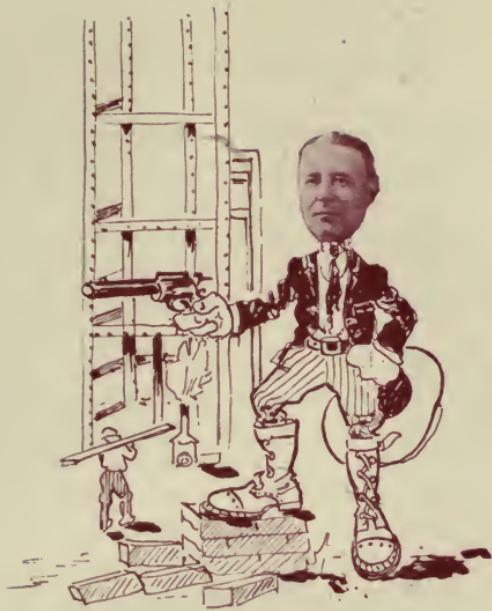
### CAPRI.

We steamed away and after about an hour arrived at Capri, where a number of small boats were in attendance. Only two persons and the boatman are allowed, unless they are small.

The rocks on the island here are straight up and down and the steamer ran close to shore, within a hundred feet of the sheer rocks.

A small opening marks the entrance to the Grotto and so low that you are compelled to lie flat in the boat to get through, but once inside the Grotto widens out and is arched over almost like one of those large cathedrals. It is about 100 yards long and 70 wide; but the great thing about it is the color of the water. When you are at the further end and coming back to the opening, the color effect in blue is indescribable. You duck again and soon are out on the Bay of Naples. All the boats are making for the steamer, and after paying your entrance fee to a gentleman by the name of Alibaba, the other members of the 40 thieves, (the boatmen), are getting what is left by yelling at you "macoro macoro", which being interpreted means: "I would like to cut your throat and scuttle your ship if you don't yield all you've got." It is a yell that the most ignorant dog of a foreigner understands without any Baydecker notes to enlighten him. We paid, but I had some money in the Bank at Naples that they did not know about and therefore was not asked to write a cheque. After our release from the pirates we landed on the island proper, where, should the native landsmen prove to be highwaymen, we would at least have a run for our money—which we couldn't have with the pirates we had just left.

Capri is a small island in the Bay of Naples and 17 miles south of that city. At its extremes it is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles by 2, but has only  $5\frac{3}{4}$  square miles of surface. It is very mountainous and pretty. The highest point, Mount Solaro, is 1920 feet. It has a population of about 6500, two towns, Capri and Anacapri. A couple of Saints are kept busy—San Costanza taking care of Capri, and St. Antonio looking out for the Anacapri contingent. These





saints have their regular feast days and the other 363 days have their regular or special festivities.

Nature and the women raise fruit, oil and wine. The men raise Cain and the price of carriage or boat hire. Some 35,000 of the sucker family visit the island annually, and yet the place is well worth seeing even at the price.

It has been known, more or less, since 600 B. C., but became noted as the residence of Augustus and Tiberius; the latter having kept house here for ten years from 27 A. D., and it is said he amused himself by having the prisoners thrown over a cliff and listening for the echo of the dull thud from below. This form of amusement ceased the morning Tiberius cashed in.

Capri, the town, is reached by a drive up and around the hill or mountain. It is pleasantly situated, and commands a good view. It consists of a church, one short, straight street and another street like the natives. At the end of the natives' street is a hotel where we had a passing good meal.

A few years after the death of Tiberius the island was handed around from one to the other till it became almost thread bare, and they were about to close out at bargain counter prices, when along comes a German painter by the name of A. Kopish and discovers the Blue Grotto.

Immediately following this, which occurred in 1826, a miraculous cavern was discovered in the hillside. Then the future of the island became assured; the corporate stock was watered and dividends were declared on preferred and common shares.

After we had seen the cave, in which a shrine and a light are maintained, heard the legends of the place and how it happened, we were driven down to the boat, which was waiting to take us back to Naples.

On our return to Naples in the evening we had the same experience in landing on small boats, but in this case we put it up to the guide Ananias to settle with Alababa. Our guide had been our driver so no trouble was had in getting a carriage. A cracking of whips and a drive of 25 minutes brought us to our cave in Naples, which we entered like the hunted animal, glad to get back to a place where at least you could lock your door, put your watch

under your pillow, throw your purse through the transom and lie down to take a well-paid for, if not a well-earned sleep.

Tuesday, July 30th. Spent the above date in the Museum and visiting the bank and getting ready for Rome the following day. Took a carriage late in the afternoon and visited the slums part of the town again; it surely is a corker!

## ROME.

Wednesday, 31st. After breakfast in room and settling with the Hotel proper, and paying off all the help, we finally got seated in a carriage on our way to the station, and after the usual amount of fussing with getting our baggage from the carriage into the cars, at 9:50 the horn sounded, the whistle blew and we were off, and at 2:15 in the afternoon on time we stepped off the train and taking a carriage were driven to the Hotel Splendid on the Corso Umberto, and, as usual, assigned to good quarters. After getting washed we took a carriage and having the hotel man speak to the Roman citizens in his native vernacular to drive around for a couple of hours without explanation to us, but he knew we could speak English and he thought he could; so the opportunity to let us see that he could talk was too much for him and he told us the places he passed, and it helped out when we really started out sight-seeing. After dinner we wandered around some, visiting some of the shops that seem to keep open especially for Americans.

Thursday, Aug. 1st. Ordered a carriage and guide and started doing Rome in good earnest. Now let me say, Rome was and is and will be quite a place in the world's affairs, and while there are a few things I do not know about it and one or two things I may have overlooked, and some of the things I saw or was told about that I am not thoroughly convinced of, yet it is a most wonderful place. I need not write when it first got a move on or advertised corner lots for sale on which to erect forums or Basilicas, Pagan temples or Christian churches. It has been known more or less since 750 years B. C. and has ranged as high in population as a million in the 2nd cen-

tury, the time when it seems it attained its great prominence, and got as low as 85,000 in the 16th century and about 450,000 at the present time. It is on the Tiber or on both sides of it, although the book says on the left bank where the seven hills are, called: Capitoline, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Palatine, Aventine and Caelius—not much as hills go. These hills were the site of the ancient town, but got left or forgotten, when more choice lots were put on the market.

I drove to the American College and presented a letter from the Archbishop of San Francisco, requesting the privilege of seeing the Pope. Got another document and was taken to another part of the city, where I presented this letter and was informed that tickets would be sent to my hotel. Saturday was to be arranged if possible, as we wanted to leave Sunday.

### St. Peters'.

We then began with St. Peter's and saw it very thoroughly, first because of the guide that we had, and secondly because of the letter. St. Peter's would take all of this book and many others to tell about, but a little space will be all at present.

It seems that this was the old site of the Circus of Nero and where St. Peter was buried. Anyhow it would appear that about 313 the Christians in Rome, who organized in the middle of the first century and had become too numerous, had been getting some hard knocks from a lot of rulers, when along comes Constantine about this time and proclaims equal rights to all religions, and upon the request of Pope Sylvester I, this Emperor actually started to build St. Peter's Church.

The original one went to the bad in the course of time, and in 1452 the foundation for the present building was laid—Nicholas V being responsible for the idea of a new St. Peter's. It continued to be built and painted off and on by all the more or less celebrated architects, sculptors and painters, including Michael Angelo and Raphael. The new church was consecrated by Pope Urban on the 18th of Nov. 1626, 1300 years after the day the old church was consecrated by St. Sylvester.

We visited the place where St. Peter is buried, in a spot immediately under the Papal Altar, and under the

Alter and above St. Peter's remains is a small box containing the clippings of skin from the young kids that are skinned to make the stole for newly consecrated bishops. Visited the jewel and regalia room or treasury and saw the precious jewels and vestments worn by the Pope, and the several statues on their day when the church celebrates, such as St. Peter's, etc.

Saw all the celebrated mosaics, copies of the masterpieces in paint and the mosaic masterpieces in that particular line. Visited the rooms in which the mosaics are made, and had a general and special look all over the church and its surroundings:

### The Colisseum and Forum.

Friday Aug. 2nd. Visited the Colisseum and Forum. The Colisseum was called the "Amphithaetrum" and was considered the most imposing structure in the world; was completed by Titus in 80 A. D. Its present name, it is said, was derived from the colossal statue of Nero. It was elliptical in form, 1719 feet in circumference and was about 158 feet high. It could seat between 40,000 and 50,000 people without putting up the sign, "standing room only". When it was opened it had a run of 100 days fighting between man and beast, and it is said 5000 wild animals were slain. No account of the men slain is given, as it seems there were more of them than the wild animals left; it had quite an exciting time, but in the middle ages went to the bow-wows, as the other animals had ceased to come to it, but what's left of it is still quite a show.

The Forum, or at least two of them, are good to look on, especially the Forum of Tragan which has been dug out and some restoring done to show how it happened.

### St. Paul's Church.

We then drove around the old Roman walls and outside the city to St. Paul's Church, which was built with Peter's pence, and I have decided in my mind that this was what started the saying of "Robbing Peter to pay Paul", for no excuse could be found for the erection of such a church in such a place.

It is in the country, but it is said Paul was buried in

this spot after he was beheaded, about 3 miles further out in the country, at a spot where now stands another old convent and church, and the only reason I can assign for him getting himself beheaded out there was to give the carriage drivers a chance to collect extra fare to drive people out to visit the spot, as outside the walls is extra.

St. Paul's Church is beautiful, but no congregation to worship—just a show place.

### The Catacombs.

Out in the country we also visited the Catacombs, a place where early Christians were buried and often took refuge before they found a resting place. The earth is of a muddy volcanic origin. It was dug out in passages and on the side of these passages niches were dug out large enough to place the body in. Those who were put to death on account of their religion had the consolation that when their little hole was dug out it would have an arched shape instead of a common oblong hole; therefore it paid in the long run to be a martyr.

This graveyard was stories high; when they filled up one place they went deeper and a person would have little show in reading the street signs down there. So this was one of the places I was glad we had a guide along.

Hadrian's tomb is one of the conspicuous piles that stand out. There are no windows and it is circular.

### St. John's Church.

St. John's the Lateran, is a wonderful old church in sculpture and mosaics and, if I remember right, is to be the resting place of Pope Pius IX, we visited the tomb, which was unveiled just a few days prior to our visit.

### St. Peter-in-Chains Church.

St. Peter-in-Chains is another old church, erected where Peter was supposed to be in prison and in chains. The chains are hanging in front of the Altar, and I saw a young devotee go in and kiss the chains. It was to me a very impressive sight and I am sure she went away a much better woman, and yet while she was in this very

act of devotion our guide was almost touching her explaining in an ordinary manner about these chains and a priest was holding the chains to the girl's lips, and I came to the conclusion that religion was very commercial in Rome, and while I am not a Roman, yet I would not allow the mob to tramp around the church at the time when people who are ardent Catholics are at their devotions.

We did a monumental amount of sight-seeing and returned to the hotel very tired, but after washing off the dust of the Catacombs from the outside and washing down the many miraculous stories with a drink for the inside and a good dinner, went out again to see the modern city by night.

### THE POPE.

Saturday, Aug. 3rd. This was a busy day; dressed, took our carriage and tickets, which had arrived, and started out to see His Holiness the Pope. Arriving at the Palace you pass a lot of guards and are directed from one place to another until you are finally taken hold of by one of the men in waiting and finally assigned to a particular room. I am not sure, but I think we were in the second from where the Pope comes out; at any rate, we were placed in a semi-circle and when he was announced everyone kneels on the floor on both knees; he comes in and extends his hand to each one as he passes along and they kiss his hand or the ring, and when any one addresses him he stops and listens and replies in the language spoken. They were all of the Latin race who addressed him in our room. He replied in a word or two and usually put his hand on their heads by way of a blessing after he has gone around the room. He speaks to all, I suppose ending with a blessing, at which all cross themselves. It came upon me so suddenly that I was behind in doing so, and I suppose looked out of place, but I got there some way.

He is a fine looking man and far from being old in the physical sense. He then passes into the next room and so on until I think he comes to a general assembly room, where a large part of the audience seemed to be assembled. We had to wait after his visit to our room until he had passed through all the adjoining rooms, when we were conducted back through the Palace and out again.

The regulations prescribes black clothes, usually full dress for men and any black for women, they wearing a black veil in addition. We visited the Sistine Chapel where the popes are elected, and many other places of interest. Went home to change our clothes and see as much as possible in the remaining afternoon and evening.

Rome as I saw it was a revelation in many things a thing to be long remembered, with a certain amount of respect and veneration, but not with an unlimited amount of pleasure; to visit it once or twice is worth while; to rave over it is foolish.

### FLORENCE.

Sunday, Aug. 4th. Left the Eternal City at 10:10 a. m. and arrived at Florence about 3 p. m., took a carriage and drove around the town and park, after we had rested up at the Grand Hotel on the banks of the Arno river. The weather was hot, more so than any place yet.

Florence is quite a city and the real headquarters in literature and art. It first began to sit up and take notice about 200 B. C. when it was under Roman rule, and when Rome went out of the ruling business, others offered their services as general managers. First, one was at the bat, then another—plebeians and aristocrats. The 13th and 14th century found her the centre of refinement in literature and art, and through all her ups and downs, has managed to hold it even to this day—all the best in art being hers by right. In population about 200,000; built on the Arno; celebrated especially for mosaic work in marble and statuary in the same stone; has a very effective cathedral in marble of various colors. It was begun about 1296 and finished in about 1462. A tower built of the same material stands alongside, known as the Campanile, begun and finished a little earlier.

A baptistry stands across the Square, a place where the children are baptised; is also of the same character of stone and old.

### Leaning Tower of Pisa.

It was during our visit to Florence that we took a trip to Pisa, chiefly to see the leaning tower. We left at noon and found ourselves in a carriage in Pisa about 2:30

p. m.; drove up town, saw the leaning tower close to. Our driver and the book told us to go into a sculptor's place and get tickets. I went. I paid two francs, and in the meantime bought a model of the tower in marble to be shipped to San Francisco. This I did while he sent out for change.

I suppose it was my own fault, I told him I would not climb the tower if he gave it to me for nothing on account of the heat. We started off with the tickets, and upon presenting them at the door were told they were no good there, only good for the cemetery. I thought the fellow meant for me to go bury my sorrow, so returned to the ticket man. I was red hot, so was the day. I wanted explanations. The ticket man told me I did not get tickets to the tower but the cemetery. So after seeing as much of the tower at close quarters as I wanted, we wandered over to the cemetery, and the man let us in without looking to see if we were really dead. He took our tickets though, I suppose to show that we were legally there should any question arise as to our rights in an Italian cemetery. This is the result of my visit.

#### The Leaning tower first:

I had long heard of it and seen pictures of it, and after looking at the real thing am not so much impressed as I was before, for there is a grave doubt, even in history, as to whether it was not built that way on purpose. It is written that it was begun in the year 1174 by one Bonanno of Pisa and finished by a gentleman by the name of Tommaso in the midddle of the 14th century. That is, the last or eighth story was put on. It is agreed that the lean took place while the tower was being constructed and was positively at its present lean when Tommaso added the last story. I am inclined, as is the tower, to believe that in the early days of its construction some of the masons were not paid their wages and filed a lien on the building as the law was rather slow in Pisa about that time, it was allowed to drag along and consequently has never been straightened out. This may not be so, but I think it about as near right as most of the things I have been hearing; anyhow, it is eight stories high, has 207 columns and 293 steps inside, and not less than three are allowed to go to the last story. It is built of marble. It is 179 feet high and 14 feet out of plumb.





### The Cathedral.

The Cathedral has some peculiar things about it and the knights of St. Stephen, who were Christian knights and fought in the Crusades, a picture of William the Lion-hearted is there swearing to the Pisans. If he had been there the day I was he would be swearing at them as I was.

### The Cemetery of Pisa.

The Camposanto, or cemetery, is also a wonder. It is related that those Pisans in the year 1192 brought over from Jerusalem 53 galleys of earth to start this graveyard of their own, and a peculiarity attached to the soil was that it decomposed and consumed a body in 24 hours, and is said to represent the triumph of death by the three dead bodies in Orgagnas Putrefaction, decomposition and final reduction to dust. The two inscriptions on the outside are, 1st: "Those of the faithful buried in this place will be saved." The other reads: "Thou who passeth look, pause and think what thou art, for all must finally come to this abode. Whoever thou art, stop, read, weep! I am what thou wilt be! I was what thou art! For God's sake pray for me!"

Many old tablets and funeral urns are here. It is an oblong square, with an open space in the middle for the everyday people. It is 135 metres long and 43 wide and 15 high. It has 43 inclosed arches on 44 pillars and the capitals of each column has a sculptured figure. Many old paintings are on the walls by so-called old masters, but I hesitate to pass judgment as they are pretty badly worn; anyhow, I hope I won't try for a corner in cemeteries for some time; still, should anything happen, I want to take longer than they allow to decompose myself. I looked at the time, found I still retained my watch and return ticket, and bidding goodbye to Pisa's live adt., the tower with a lean on it, the church and graveyard with their dead issues, I returned to Florence, took a drink and tried to see things straight.

### VENICE.

August 6th. In the afternoon we left Florence

for the city that needs no watering carts and arrived about 10:30. We were met at the station by all the hotel runners, and having previously decided on the Grand Danieli, we were invited to step into the water wagon. We soon started up the main sewer or street and made many turns, from wide canals to small ones and from those to smaller, until we thought the Hackdelier was trying to drive us up a back alley, scuttle the hackboat and drown us in the rubbish water. After about an hour of this we arrived at the hotel and were shown to our quarters; very good, all satisfactory; large room, too much cumbersome furniture. This used to be one of the old Doges Palaces, and I suppose it got the name from him dodging the furniture. It was the cause of my downfall more than once. I am no doger.

August 7th. Got up early, turned on the street into the bath tub, and after rolling around in the gutter, so to speak, felt much refreshed. Had breakfast and thought I would row out for a stroll, but I was agreeably surprised when I learned that by going out and turning to the right and walking a block I would be at St. Mark's Square. Now since I have found out that I can walk, I have since found out some other things, and while they are fresh in my mind I will put them down.

It seems in early days that people were looking around for a quiet place to get away from the general scrapping, then the regular occupation of the human family, and to get out of the way, got into this mud place where they could not be bothered much. Others came and in course of time we find Venice not what she has been, or is, but a mud nucleus. It is unnecessary to follow her through her struggles and her triumphs and her downfall.

Venice is situated on the northwest coast of the Adriatic, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from shore on or in a logue or Lagoon, seperated from the sea proper by low sand banks. It consists of 118 islands, joined by 450 footbridges and divided into two parts by the Grand Canal 4153 yards long. It is the Capital of its Province, has a tide of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, has a popluation which is fluctuating. Call it 130,000 straight. It is built on piles, has 150 canals, but you can walk all over it without getting very wet.

### St. Mark's Church.

In 829 some fishermen took the liberty of stealing the body of St. Mark from Alexandria and brought it home with them, and the population not knowing what to do with it, held a meeting in the town hall I suppose. A citizen from the 12th ward, whose name has been forgotten, was called to the chair and it was decided that in order to accomplish anything, it was first in order to adopt resolutions. The motion was carried and it was resolved that Mark should be the Patron Saint of Venice, and be it further resolved that a church be built to his memory and his sacred bones be entombed in the same. In 830 the pile foundation-stone was laid and the building of the church was launched. It has 500 columns of porphyry, verde antique, Serpentine, red marble, granite and basalt. It was completed in the 12th century, but like all other churches, has been restored more or less ever since; still it is a wonderful thing.

I was just about to enter, when a gentleman who might have been present at the first meeting when they decided to build, stepped up and told me he was the guide, and that he would do the job for a franc. I annexed him to my pay roll and told him to get off his coat and get busy. He told me more about the foundation of the church than would describe the foundation of the universe, showed me the beautiful columns; the Pope's chair; the chair occupied by the present Pope who was the Bishop here before he was elected Pope; the beautiful paintings, bronzes and marbles, mosaics and woodwork, mostly captured or stolen, as was St. Mark's body, for in those days all plunder of great value was given to the church.

After getting to the outer door I wanted a glass of beer for the place was warm. He showed me the way. My wife looked at a lace window and the guide had her inside in a minute and the whole tribe were trying to sell her lace. I reminded this self-appointed guide that it was beer I wanted and they offered to have beer brought into the work place where the girls were embroidering. I got my beer, so did my old guide. We saw a mosaic window and he told us he would take us to the factory. Well we went; he showed us in; the boss took charge of us and took us through and we saw the whole process, which was

very interesting. When we came out our old guide was sitting on the steps still in my employ. I adjusted matters without strike or arbitration. He still thinks he is working for me, for during my stay every time he saw me he would raise his hat and be ready for active service.

### The Doge Palace.

The Doge Palace next attracted our attention. The first Doge Palace was ordered built in 809. This run along and answered all purposes until after fights about who should Doge the country, they burned up the Palace to get rid of the Doge. In the fire he attempted to escape through the church and the conspirators didn't do a thing to him. He was buried soon after. A new Doge put the old Palace in repair at his own expense as he was in on the fire committee that burned it down. The Palace was added to for centuries until 1422 the Council voted for a new Palace, and the present one was begun in 1424. Both wings of the Palace were destroyed by fire in 1577, but were immediately restored. In going through the Palace, I was deeply impressed with all I saw, heard and read.

### The Council.

I cannot put it all down here and I will forget what I don't put down, but some of it is just as well left out. There seems to have been a great deal of grafting going on in Venice, and traitors were on every croner; so in 1310 a Council of 10 were elected to take a hand in affairs and try people charged with special crimes, such as traitors, false coiners and sodomites. The Council also had a general supervision over secret societies and ceremonies. At this court a prisoner could not be defended by any of his connections, but the court appointed two who should defend him, as we have in our courts at the present time when a prisoner cannot have an attorney.

This Council, at its monthly meetings, elected a council of three who served for one month and who received charges against traitors, etc., by communications placed in a box in the wall, and it took two of the three to open the box, although the three were generally present, but two keys were necessary to open the box. They reported

to the ten and what they said was generally a "go", as they called the 10 together when they thought they had some one up a tree.

The guide told us that when a person was accused and found guilty by the council it was generally Sikh, a sound he made with his tongue, a movement with his finger across the neck and a smile on his face, as if he was one of the Council of three.

### Lido and Murano.

Venice by itself would soon make you tired or broke, or both, but a bathing place called Lido attracts the general attention. It is a few miles across from the town of Venice where a fine hotel is erected, and a good bathing place afforded. I went there, came back and sought my bath tub; it is more modest. Another place is Murano, the place where they manufacture the Venetian glass. We called there. They made all sorts of things from roses to cauliflower for our benefit or theirs. I don't remember which, for I gave the workman three franc and carried nothing away but a memory.

### The Gondolas.

The gondola is a cross between a Chinese shrimp boat and an Indian canoe. It is painted black because the gondola, in the 16th century, was a gaudy swan-like affair in which the lovesick swain wandered up and down the water front singing tra la la to his or the other fellow's inamorata, until he became a nuisance and some crusty old doge, to put a stop to this, decreed that all gondolas should hereafter be put in mourning and the old law still stands; hence the reason for all gondolas in Venice being painted black. This was done to stop the young fellows from painting the town red.

I could say more about Venice, but it would be cruel. This I will say, take away her history and give me any old stream like the Alameda Creek, cut a few cross sections, drive a few piles in the mud and I will in ten years leave Venice in the shade in everything except mosquitoes, fakers and grafters.

Venice is worth a visit. It does one good to visit St. Mark's Square and help feed the pigeons—thousands of

them there. You buy ten centimes of corn and they will flock around you, alight on your hand and head and eat out of your hand like a real Italian.

Venice, goodbye! I have tried your gondolas of the 12th century, manipulated by your 20th century gondolier, and he is not a thing of beauty; I have tried your 20th century gasoline launch. I prefer it. I have bought your wares and paid your price. I would not have missed seeing you, but having seen you, I would not have missed seeing you, had I not seen you.

### Leaving Venice Under Difficulties.

Friday, Aug. 9th. This was a bad day. Was awakened by my wife who had gotten up before five o'clock to have her bath as we had to leave about 6:10. It seems when she turned on the hot water the plug came out and the hot water flooded the floor. I tried to stop it and could not and after putting a lot of towels over it to keep it from spurting, rang for the night clerk. No response. I rang again, and after waiting, put on a gown and started down stairs to find him. I met him on the stairs and before I could tell the idiot what was wrong, he told me in his own English that it was no use to ring, that it was too early. I got him up however and when I showed him what was the matter, he said he could not do it as it would require a special man. I finally convinced him that I was not a special man and got him awake to the fact that he must move if he did not want the hotel to become a new canal. He got it fixed after a time, and then came to talk to me. I slammed the door in his face and would not talk to him. I told the proprietor I would have a law suit with him over the affair, but we finally calmed down after breakfast as I was anxious to get off. Our gondoliers glided up to the landing at the hotel. The help were all up early as it was, as they knew it was pay-day, so after settling with everybody in sight, we shoved off, and in course of about an hour arrived at the depot and after settling with the pirates and paying the fellows that carry your traps into the train, got comfortably seated.

We had met at Venice two of our ship passengers, or rather travelled to Venice together and were in the same carriage leaving. We were in the same compartment. The train had started. A boy on the platform

was selling the N. Y. "Herald." I stepped to the window to get a paper and when I looked around I found a gentleman from the water front of Italy in my seat. I spoke to him in English, explaining that was my seat. He replied in sign language and Italian that I had not left my cap in the seat. I pointed to my hand-baggage above the seat, but he did not move. I tried to tell him that I must have that seat and he could have one alongside of me, but he sat still. I could see no way of getting my seat by talking so I grabbed him bodily and put him out into the corridor and sat down in the seat.

In an instant I had all Italy around. He explained it all to the crowd and such a jabbering as ensued would lead one to believe that black hand and the Mafia were in joint convention. One of the delegation tried to speak English to me, but I could not make it out. They crowded the door and argued among themselves what mode of death I should be put to. The ticket man came along. He heard their story I suppose, got my ticket ,said some words to them and passed on. Then they got the man who is chief of the train. He examined my ticket, then came back and demanded my passport. I got it out. The conductor and the bunch crowded around and I could make out from their talk that my name was Jocum and I was Washington. I got my papers back, but at the first stop the gentleman called one of the soldiers and brought him in, explained, I suppose, and wanted me arrested. The soldier listened, shook his head and got off; the crowd still stood in the passage-way, and I suppose quoted international law, but at the next station got off, not however before trying to get my name and address. which I would not give. I expected to be arrested at Milan, but arrived at the hotel safely and the incident was closed.

Had lunch at the Grand Hotel de Milan, got a carriage and as we were starting off for an informal look at the place (our usual custom) a gentleman with a Cockney accent stepped up and announced himself as the "hofficial guide, hand hainterpreter hof the otel." He was engaged at once and turned our informal drive into one of inspection. This Italian learned his English from a Cockney and was very amusing.

#### Basilica of St. Ambrogio.

We first went to the Basilica of St. Ambrogio, the pa-

tron saint of Milan. I find no town in a Latin country can get along without a patron saint, even if they have to steal one, as did the people of Venice. Well Ambrogio was built in the 4th century on the site of a Pagan temple and many of the symbols of paganism are to be found in the walls and a stone altar, where the vestal vergins kept up a perpetual light, is in a good state of preservation. The object most worthy of note in the Basilica is the original painting of the last supper, painted on the wall by Leonardo de Vinci in 1499, some of his followers in his school of painting have painted copies on adjoining walls to illustrate the detail of the picture that time has to some extent obliterated. It is said that all last suppers are copied from this work, no matter who the painter may be.

### Royal Scala Theatre.

We visited part of the old walls of the city much like others of similar towns. Then to the Royal Scala Theatre, the largest in Milan and perhaps the most celebrated in the world. It has a seating capacity of 3600, a wonderful echo in the audience part, but cannot be heard on the stage. It has 200 boxes and a fine dressing room for each box; in fact the place looks to be, and indeed is, all boxes except the ground floor. A person having once appealed on this stage in a principal role has an assured future in opera. The stage is immense and slopes from rear to front, and is large enough to put any ordinary theatre on and then have room for the actors. We visited all parts of the house, the scene painters were busy getting ready for the coming season. I had a drink of their foot juice with them. In the vestibule are statues of ancient and modern masters in music.

### Cathedral of Milan or Church of the Nail.

Next to the greatest sight in this city is the Cathedral of Milan. It is by far the most wonderful of any I have seen yet, as far as character and beauty is concerned. It was commenced in 1396 and was intended to be pure Gothic, but so many different architects had to do with it from its beginning till its completion, and so much time elapsed when war and other troubles caused a

cessation of the work altogether, that to some extent the first idea was not carried out. Nevertheless it is a wonder. On the outside there are over 4200 statues all carved out of white marble of which the entire building is constructed. The interior is supported on 52 large pillars or columns of marble, and when viewed from one particular point, nothing but columns greet the eye, and yet when between the rows of columns there is immense space.

It is known as the Church of the Nail because of its claim to have one of the original nails from the cross; it is in a casket away upon the roof above the altar, and is brought down every year for exhibition and veneration. The objects most admired and prized by this church are the marble statues of St. Bartholemew being flayed alive and carrying his own skin on his shoulders. The bronze chandelier in the form of a tree with its seven branches or places for candles all in line yet each one can be turned out at angles. The mosaics and stained windows representing scenes from the old and new testament. In the crypt lie the remains of St. Ambrose and other distinguished Christians. To get a close look at the saint you must pay five francs. I had no desire to go below at the price so I cannot truthfully say if the remains are the sure enough saints or not. There are 500 steps leading to the tower which you can climb for 50 centimes but this was my busy day on the level so I did not climb. I am sure the view would repay anyone with a burning desire for exercise, but I am possessed of that tired feeling between meals that forbids such violent effort. The guide assured me it would repay me. I added another franc to his salary and took his word for it. I have not seen the ends of the earth so will say nothing rash, but I will say to the Cathedral of Milan, stay right there, you'll do every day in the week and twice on Sunday.

Right across from the Cathedral is the Palace of the King, a fine place also, parts of it are open for inspection but on learning that the King was not at home we omitted calling.

Many large buildings of a public character are in evidence, we visited some but as they are to be found in

most other places I omit them.

One feature of Milan is the number of automobiles to be found, you would almost fall over them they are so plentiful, still it is better not to. We hired one in the evening, they charge by taximetre, you go so far and the machines tells you, it is the cheapest motoring I ever did. I understand the Motor Club at Milan does more for motoring and good roads than any other institution in Italy.

So much for the individual buildings and things; now few words about Milan itself.

It is the capital of Lombardo, with a present population of about 550,000; it seems to have had great ups and downs. It was very prosperous under the Romans, having a population of 300,000. In the 11th century and then in the 12th century it was knocked galley west, only a few churches and buildings of that character remaining standing, its statues and monuments being even carried away or broken down. Milan at the present time is prosperous, quite a place for sculpture, silk etc., clean and well worth the time spent in viewing the many works of nature and art she has to attract attention.

In leaving Milan we said goodbye to Italy, and perhaps we might (lest we forget) say that I think Italy has a wonderful past, a great number of reliques to be admired and venerated; she has a present, largely consisting of grand opera singers, scenery fakers and beggars. I have heard for truth that America manufactured pretty near all the old images and furniture sold in Italy, but surely no one would accuse them of manufacturing the cripples and beggars. All beggars are not cripples but all cripples are beggars in Italy. A large part of the population are very nice gentlemen, but this is the season of the year when they travel abroad.

## GENEVA

Saturday, 10th.—Left Milan at 7:10 a. m. spent a number of hours travelling through beautiful and rugged mountains, quaint villages, isolated communities and solitary abodes, over ravines and passes, through tunnels and gorges, one surprise after another of scenery, the work of nature and man combined, including the Simp-

lon pass. We arrived at Geneva, the home of the watch, a pretty town on the lake. It has a present population of about 110,000. It seems it was conquered by the Romans 122 B. C. and was the possession of France and other countries. Independent at times, and when not busy abroad certain families took a whack at each other.

In 1335 Geneva adopted the reformation on the suggestion or preaching of one Farel, and the bishop who owned the town at that time was chased away and its independence proclaimed. In 1536 Calvin arrived and stirred things up, or rather toned things down, and a strict moral life was necessary to get along, and it appears that a Spaniard named Michel Servet was burned at the stake in 1555 for writings questioning the Divinity of Christ. Geneva at the present time is about equally divided between Protestants and Catholics, but it seems the Protestant Church gets aid from the Canton, or State.

Geneva is celebrated for its watchmaking and optical goods, its musical boxes of all kinds and its fine view of Mont Blanc. The river Rhone furnishes water power for nearly all industries around. The streets are good and well paved with wooden block or stone, (generally stone) in oblong slabs.

I visited one of the oldest watch factories in the town and was taken all through. It was interesting but it looked more like a private concern than an important factory. This firm has been here in this building since the 18th century.

Geneva has its Museum, its houses of historic fame, among them being No. 11 Rue Calvin where this reformer is said to have died. It is a Canton of the republic of Switzerland; it makes its own laws, etc. You are not bothered by beggars nor importuned by fakirs to buy something you don't want. Take it altogether Geneva leaves a very pleasant taste in the mouth, after so much garlic.

### LUCERNE.

Aug. 13th.—Left Geneva and travelled through pretty picturesque Switzerland from 9:30 till about three in the afternoon when we arrived in the heart of that mountainous country.

Lucerne is the most pleasantly situated of any place we

have visited yet. At the end of the St. Gothard Tunnel and on the banks of the Reuss River - surrounded on all sides by the Alps, a prettier spot could not be described. When we arrived it was the height of the season; we drove to the National Hotel but found that we could not get accommodated, we then drove to the Hotel D'Europe and after waiting a few minutes, we got a room. We ordered a carriage for our preliminary survey of the town, and visited the celebrated lion of Lucerne. This monument is the masterpiece of Thorwalden, the sculpturing was done by Abhorn; it is cut out of a rock 60 feet high straight up, a recess was cut out of this face and in the lower part was cut in bold relief the wounded lion still watching and guarding, it was sculptured in 1821 to commemorate the slaying of the Swiss Guard that used to be maintained by the French Kings at Lucerne and who were slain by the Jacobins in 1792 upon the approach of the Austrian Prussian army to support the King. Under the lion is a small sheet of water and at night when the face of the cliff is lit up by electric light the reflection of the cliff and the lion is very attractive.

The lion of Lucerne is on everything in wood and silver; wood carving is the great thing here. This is the home of the little cuckoo clocks and all other things of that character. This also is the home of William Tell and the place where he escaped from the boat in which Gessler was conveying him to prison. The monument erected on the place is called Tell'splatte, and a chapel containing pictures and paintings of Tell are here preserved. A procession goes to this place every year composed of the country people who go as a matter of solemn duty to the memory of that distinguished advocate of liberty.

A glacier garden close to the lion is quite a curio. It stands on the site of a former glacier and it has large caldrons or holes in the solid rock in which the large boulders that made them are lying in the bottom.

The theory of the glacier garden is that these boulders falling from greater heights on the glacier gradually worked their way through the ice water following until they reached the bed rock on which the glacier rested. The water following and churning around. Anyhow there they are. A great many other things are in this garden, a bas relief map of Switzerland, showing its mountains, and

valleys and depicting some of its battles, and close to a panorama of merit said to be the masterpiece of M. Castres of Genova, an artist noted for his painting of battle scenes, showing the retreat of General Bourbahis army into Switzerland in 1871.

Then there is the Lucerne lake or, as it is sometimes called, the lake of the four Cantons, a beautiful sheet of water at the foot of all the large mountains some 23 miles long and irregular, but the scenery on its shores is certainly grand. The town itself is well built, has one or two large streets, some fine blocks running at right angles with the main thoroughfares, and many quaint old and narrow streets which give it a different appearance from any town I have ever seen, some of the little old beer houses put one in mind of the old inns of England, though different. It has, or claims, a population of 31,000. Its authentic history begins when in 735 a saint of the name of Swdegar founded a convent and from that time it was on the map. It seems to have had its little troubles, and consequent ups and downs till 1332 when it joined the Confederacy and became a Canton of the Swiss Republic. So much for its history.

### Mount Pilatus.

The following morning after our arrival we started out on a trip to the top of Mount Pilatus and a more enjoyable one I never took. There are two ways of starting, we went by the lake to Alpnachstad, whence we took the train, consisting of a car and an engine. The engine goes behind the car and pushes it up, and ahead of it coming down. The grade runs from 19-64 with an average of 38%. The length is 5040 yards with an ascent of 5528 feet. It takes one hour and 25 minutes to accomplish the trip, but it is 85 minutes of life, for the scene changes every one of the minutes many times, over chasms through tunnels, along cuts in the mountain side, winding around, exposing a valley below here and a lake the next minute there, until you get up so high that the snow-clad mountains you were admiring from Lucerne are now an uneven low land, but looking all the more beautiful because of the more extended view of their surface.

Promptly at the time announced in the time table you

come to a full stop at the end of this very scenic road. A walk of a few minutes brings you to the Pilatus Kulm or hotel where a good meal is served and where you can remain over night having all hotel accommodations. This is done for tourists who desire to remain for sunset and sunrise.

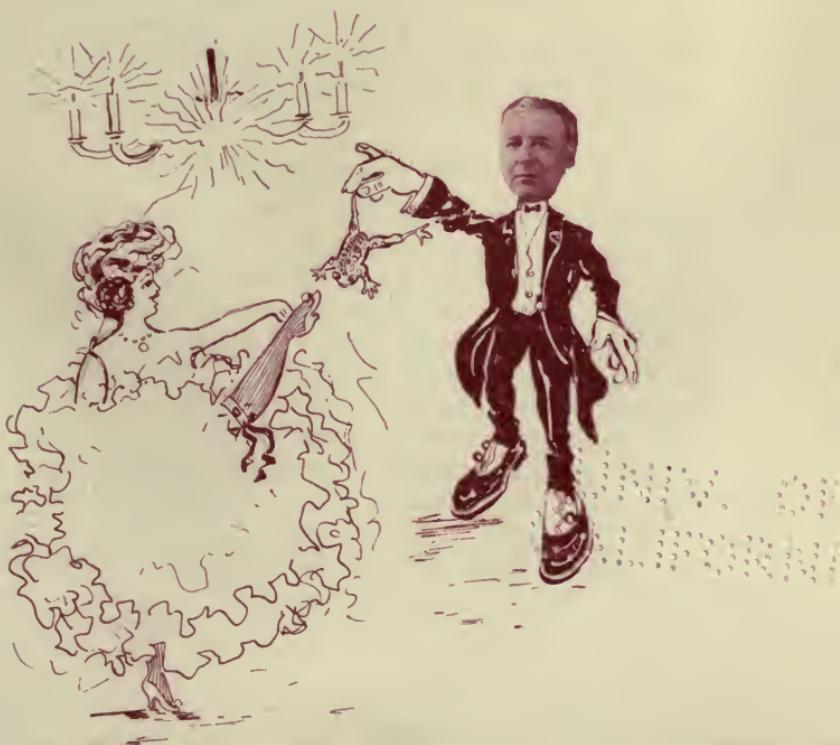
After lunch we went out and took in the different points of view; our glasses in this case came in very handy. The clouds would for a minute obscure some panorama away down in the valley or across on the mountain, and then float away leaving it clear and bright, and each point of view seemed prettier than the last.

We remained a few hours, and the announcement that it was time to go brought us again to earth, or at least informed us that we must again get down on the level with other people.

The trip down was an encore of the trip upward, and sometimes the encore is better than the original song that inspired the encore. At any rate we got down from our high horse in the same time that it took to mount it, caught the boat and arrived home safe at the hotel well pleased, but so tired that we had our dinner sent to the room rather than dress and go down stairs.

### BALE.

Friday, Aug. 16th.—Arrived in Bale, a town in Switzerland, close to the border of Germany, France and Italy, 8 hours from Paris, 15 from London, 14½ Berlin, 11 Antwerp and 15 Hamburg. It has a population of 125,000 and seems pretty well up to date. Our hotel was all that could be desired. The Rhine is close by, so we took a carriage and drove over it by one of the old bridges and back by the new one that is just finished (a splendid affair); visited the church which was being restored, paying for admission and the privilege of looking up at the ceiling where the workmen were employed, and the chance of breaking your neck while so doing by falling over a lot of litter on the floor. We made our escape, blessing ourselves the while, saw and visited the usual number of things sacred and profane. The sacred are





getting largely smaller and the profane not growing wonderfully less.

We spent a pleasant enough time in Bale and remember it kindly. It is a great in and out town, trains coming and going every minute of the day. The passengers alight, take a meal at the hotel across from the station, ask the waiter a few questions between courses, make some notes, catch the train and the history of Bale is written.

This is the last of Switzerland and in the afternoon of the 17th. We found our train feeling its way through tunnels and under bridges in the midst of apparent bedlam, and had I not known before I would have then found out that we were pulling into the vaudeville of the world—the city of Paris.

## PARIS.

I have breathed a few times since my arrival but they came in short pants as does everything here, it is generally a couple of gasps and a spasm, spit on your hands and begin all over again, at least that is the way I have been doing Paris, no, hold on! that is the way Paris has been doing me! Anyhow, it is quite a burgh from the top of the Eifel Tower to the subway and the sewers; it is worth while to stay overnight and see things.

Paris has everything new and up to date, and is proud of it. Not only that, but I find that it has a couple of yesterdays to look back on.

### A Bit of Ancient History.

I find that 35 years B. C. under the name of Lutetia Paris was of sufficient importance to attract the attention of a Roman gentleman by the name of Julius Caesar, who at that time was taking in all countries that happened to be on the bargain counter. Paris was annexed by Julius for a mere song and stayed put for a few centuries, or until the Franks in the 4th century thought of starting up for themselves and served notice on the Romans to quit, which they did after the usual number had been planted by the Franks, to prove to the Romans that they really needed the place.

In 496 Clovis, the choice of the 12th ward, became king

and at the same time embraced a new wife and Christianity. Paris was made the capital and they kept on adding a few acres here and there until it grew big enough to call itself a kingdom and have trouble at home. When in 496 Clovis became a Christian he did not dream that on Aug. 24, 1572 some of his followers should shut off the breath meter of 70,000 of their brother Christians because they had started clearing another trail to the capital of the new Jerusalem. This is now known as St. Bartholomew's Day and is celebrated annually, but the killing has gradually been cut out so that it is now a very tame affair.

Things moved along more or less quietly for a time, the King in the meantime having established a boarding and lodging house called the Bastille, where he placed any of his friends whom he was afraid might be kidnapped by other countries. The common people got mad at this discrimination, and on the 14th July 1789 tore the old thing down and told the boarders to go work for a living, and even got worked up to such a pitch that they took the king prisoner and accused him of a lot of things, and as I understand it, actually caught him with the goods. They kept him quiet for a while and then sawed his head off and started out on a debauch known as the Reign of Terror, which lasted for a couple of years, then Bonaparte came along and the people bought some new crowns and things and started in the Emperor business, this being one degree higher than a king. Things began to look up again for France, as Napoleon Bonaparte was a scrapper and made the other nations sit up and take notice, but he got the big head and swelled up something awful until he got in a mix up with an Irishman by the name of Wellington. The scrap was to be 20 rounds, but Blucher, who it seems was referee, sided with Wellington and gave him the decision in the 16th round. The other nations around the ring side said they had a good run for their money, and Napoleon retired to a small island presented to him by the British nation, where he died, never having felt the same since the scrap at Waterloo.

France was again getting on its feet so to speak when Prussia began sassing back and the result was an awful mix up in 1871 when Paris was informed that the Prussian army was outside and insisted on calling. Paris barred the door and lived on odd scraps left over from the last

square meal 125 days ago. The Prussians without any thought of etiquette, rudely forced their way in and practically told the Parisians to go away back and sit down, and went out to Versailles, and in the Palace out there proclaimed William I Emperor of Germany, then, after telling France how much they were going to charge for coming all that distance, went home.

Paris was all broke up over the way they had been euchered and when the Germans left had 73 days rough house among themselves, everybody taking a swat at anything that looked royal, and knocking things about in a most reckless way. Property was destroyed to the tune of \$150,000,000, and France once again became a Republic since which time she is spoken of very well by the neighbors, and at the present time Paris, with a population of three million, keeps open house to all nations of the earth.

So much to be seen and remembered one gets confused, a few of the things stand out more than the others.

### **Place de la Concorde.**

The Place de la Concorde, a square in which are some fine statues, and in the centre is the Obelisk of Luxor, one of those Cleopatra needle affairs, it is placed on the spot where the guillotine was erected in 1793 which had such a busy time during the reign of terror. It was here that Louis 16th and Maria Antoinette were beheaded.

### **Champs Elysees.**

The Champs Elysees, the chief drive in Paris, is a splendid affair when taken in conjunction with the other avenues that lead in and out of it, and is considered by competent judges to be about as good as any in the world.

### **Ars de Triomph.**

The Arc de Triomph, a piece of work the French are justly proud of, is said to be the largest triumphal arch in the world. It was begun by Napoleon I in 1805. It is 160 feet high, 164 feet in width, 74 feet in depth. On it are depicted in sculpture scenes in the history of France commemorating its victories in war and peace.

### Tomb of Napoleon I.

This looks like and is a kind of a church and has a fine dome. It was erected in 1706. The exterior has fine columns in Doric and Corinthian and statues of the four cardinal virtues. The height of the cross on the dome is 340 feet and the diameter of the dome is 86 feet. From the floor of the church you look down into the open crypt 36 feet in diameter, and 20 feet below, where you stand in the centre of the crypt. Immediately below the centre of the dome, is the tomb, which is of red Finland granite in three pieces, immense in size and weight, very plain but grand and solemn looking. The stone was presented by Emperor Nicholas of Prussia; 12 statues representing the chief victories of Napoleon are placed around, contemplating the sarcophagus. Other relatives lie in the building elsewhere. A persons feels the solemnity of the place even after getting outside.

### The Eiffel Tower.

The Eiffel Tower is another of the monuments of Paris not to be overlooked. It was built as a feature of the Paris Exposition and allowed to remain. It is 984 feet high and has been written about and described so often that I will let it go at that. Its principle use is meteorological.

### Notre Dame.

I examined the exterior of Notre Dame and called it square as I had enough of churches in Italy. The outside of this church is very fine indeed. Statues of Kings and others are on the outside, so I remained with them. It occupies the site on which stood former churches and the site of the church which Clovis started when he became King and a Christian in the 4th century. It has been restored and rebuilt a number of times. The last and best restoration was begun in 1845 and as it stands today it is said to be about the best specimen of decorated Gothic work in the world.

Width western front 128 feet, height of two front towers 204 feet, length of Cathedral 390 feet, width of transept 144 feet, height of vaulting 182 feet. This

puts me in mind that Victor Hugo describes it in *Notre Dame de Paris*, and I spent quite a time going through the home of that celebrated author viewing the work of his hand. When he was in exile and at home he made tables and pictures equally well; pretty nearly all the furniture he used was made by his own hand.

### The Place de la Bastille.

Where once stood the old fortress or prison, was built in 1369 by Charles V. It was formerly used as a castle for the defense of Paris, but afterwards a kind of a King's prison, where the man with the iron mask was kept with many other celebrated prisoners. It was destroyed July 14th 1789 and in the centre of the place now stands a tall shaft to mark the spot. It is 154 feet high. It has the names of 615 people who fell July 27th, 28th, 29th 1830, and whose bones are buried underneath the column.

The Louvre is too big a job to tackle. I will let it go by saying it would be impossible for me to do it justice, suffice to say anyone wanting to see the best in art, old and new, can see it there, and spend days seeing it. I had not the time and am not a judge of painting, but could spend a long time viewing the sculptures and products of long ago, but must hurry along now to Versailles.

### VERSAILLES.

We had decided to leave Paris on the morrow, but while we were discussing our lunch, and other things, we were reminded that to leave Paris and not see Versailles would be about equal to going to the theatre and not seeing the actors or the play; so I engaged an automobile, and, after lunch, we started, with our Paris guide, and as he informed us, one of six that knew Versailles.

The chauffeur knew the way, and the guide certainly knew his piece when he got there, we arrived after a very swift run through a fairly respectable looking country.

The followig is something of what I heard and saw about this, the former seat of Royalty.

In 1624 Louis XIII began by building a hunting box,

but built in regal style; then Louis XIV got busy and devoted himself to the building of a magnificent place, which was to be the seat of government. This was accomplished in 1682, when the court moved to Versailles. His room is shown where he received his audiences and where he died, after reigning 72 years. Louis XVI intended to build upon a new place, and started, but run short of funds.

We were shown the room where the royal family met on the morn of October 6, 1789, when the mob were trying to break in and get Marie Antoinette and the King—the Little Trianon—a retreat in the gardens, where she used to play at being a dairy maid and make butter instead of playing Queen. This caused the French people to sour on her, and I suppose the Paris shopkeepers were losing money by having the Court out there in the cold.

Napoleon's rooms are shown, and his furniture, plans, instruments, pictures, and maps, the royal carriages from the time of the first empire; the royal stables are now a barracks; the royal apartments, reception rooms, throne rooms, etc., all now a world-renowned art gallery.

The following rooms were pointed out on account of the important events with which they were associated: where Louis XIV died 1715. Louis XV died 1775. Palace turned into a manufactory of arms in 1795, occupied by Napoleon, and after his fall was occupied by Louis XVIII, Charles X and Louis-Philippe. In 1871 the Palace was occupied by the Germans, and on the 18th of January, in the throne room, King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

The place is magnificent in extent and contains many of the world's great paintings, etc., but it was impossible to see it all, so we started back for Paris. Our guide and chauffeur consulted and determined to take us back by another route. They did, but got lost, neither of them knowing where we were. We bumped over eight miles of the worst road I ever bumped into. I told them to consult a policeman. We floundered around, and in the evening saw the lights of Paris, and eventually pulled up at the hotel.

The taximeter showed that we had run all sorts of miles. We came very near having another French revolution, but diplomatic language and the head porter

brought about an understanding. I paid the indemnity, less the number of miles spent in unknown territory.

Then my guide, after I had paid him and given him an unbiased opinion of a guide who lost his party and himself in a twenty mile run, wanted to compromise by devoting the evening to me and show me around. I demurred, as the streets were more complicated than the country. He certainly was no hayseed in the city but was small potatoes in the country. I couldn't give him any pointers, so called it square with a tip, and sent him home happy.

Next day we took a train for Dieppe and sailed for New Haven. We wanted the shortest rail travel and the longest sea route. The trip across the Channel was rough, but we enjoyed it, and in about five hours we were again in the hands of the custom officers, but they were very nice, and we were soon on the train on our way to London. Before we started, however, our hand baggage having been put in a compartment, the guard told me we could get a cup of tea and he would try and keep the whole compartment for us. We had it, and he did.

After we were in and seated he locked the door and went off. Some one tried to get in, but the guard was busy in another place and I suppose found our would-be companion a seat. I saw the guard later on and he told me how pleased he was that he did us the favor. A good train and quick run soon landed us in the metropolis of the world. A carriage—not by the hour but by the job—delivered us in the court of the Hotel Cecil, and our first night in London.

### JERSEY.

August 29th. Took train at Paddington station for Weymouth, where the boat was waiting. The train did not run aboard but did the next best by running alongside; got on board with our friends from Wigan who took the trip with us. A few toots of the whistle and we were off. People began to make themselves comfortable for a pleasant sea sickness, some were disappointed but on the average most of them realized their expectations.

Our party did not expect much, so escaped with a clean bill of health.

### Guernsey.

Our first landing was made at Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, where grapes in profusion were offered for sale in small baskets at 6d. each, we bought some and found them very good though mostly raised under cover. I don't know what the rule is here about the boat, whether they remain until all the grapes are sold, or are governed by the freight, as both events came to an end about the same time. Anyhow we were off again after waving good-bye to the complete population that had assembled on the pier, their daily habit in playing tag with the outer world and the only real dissipation indulged in by the thrifty grape growers of the little island. A couple of hours, run brought us to Jersey through a very rocky entrance; took a carriage and were soon deposited at the Royal Hotel, which we found to be very comfortable.

After spending a few days in carriages and automobiles this is the result of our visit. A gentleman who spent considerable time and thought on the island tells us about its history. He says about 1200 B. C. the islands were as yet hitched on to the main land and had not decided to set up in business for themselves, even in the time of the Romans, although then at high tide walking to Jersey required a large amount of faith.

In 709 A. D. it appears that a tidal wave came along and smashed things, submerging forests, buildings and people, making Jersey an island and forming St. Aubins Bay. In this, at least, it was kind as it is a very pretty affair. The last connection between the islands and any main land took place in 1203 since which the Channel Islands started to attract attention by growing cabbages ten feet high. This is literally true. Nature must have intended breeding giraffes to feed on the cabbages, but nature slipped a cog somewhere, and now all that the cabbages are grown for is making walking sticks out of the stalks. They are not things of beauty, but you must not say so aloud on the island.

It appears also that old Druid Colleges and Convents for the Druidesses have been found in Jersey of a very re-

mote period. At least 50 of these monuments have been discovered, and evidence of a very early and large population. The name of the island was Cesarea by the Romans, and the present name a corruption of that word. It further appears by this witness that Julius Ceasar one morning looked across the water and seeing land ordered out his boat and twelve men, and rowed over and took possession and not knowing much about the value of cabbages, divided the thing among his merry men, after which they rowed back and had breakfast.

If England ever finds out a little of Jersey history it will become necessary as a matter of honour to send a fleet over there and get them to surrender, as it appears the Jersey men helped to conquer England and never was conquered itself. When William, in 1066, conquered England, Jersey was a part of the Duchy of Normandy, and as such sent its warriors along. The net result today is that Jersey is not a Crown Colony but an appendage of the Crown, loyal to a fault and for many centuries duly appreciated by the British Crown for this quality.

The one great man produced by Jersey was Robert Wace, he was born in the beginning of the 12th century and died in England in the year 1180. He was the inventor of jingles, sometimes called poetry, but in these days known as Limtricks. All his writings had the last line omitted and the tallest cabbage stalk in the Jersey orchard was given to the one who supplied the best missing line, if he was known to the poet's family.

It was during this period that most of the old churches that are to be found in Jersey were started, they run as follows in Parishes: St. Brelades 1111, St. Ouen 1130, St. Saviour 1154, Trinity 1163, St. Peter 1167, St. Clement 1117, St. John 1204, Grouville 1322, St. Mary 1320 and St. Helier 1341.

Churches existed here before this century, the oldest one I saw was the Fisherman's Chapel adjoining, and practically a part of St. Brelade. I presume the reason for so many churches starting about this time was the crusades, and when Richard I was taking such an interest in reducing the infidel population.

I will cut on old history and get down to the earth on this Island as I found it. First comes Mount Orgeuil Castle.

**Mount Orgeuil Castle.**

This castle is so old that it is half believed that the castle was built first and the island created after, with the correct sized hill placed close to the water to fit its requirements. Anyhow we find it fighting the French in 1340, being condemned by a commission in 1593 on account of its age, being repaired and added to in 1470-1486. It has a crypt in which two of its governors were buried, one in 1506 and the other in 1533. Sir Walter Raleigh was its Governor from 1600-1603 he smoked tobacco and startled the natives by so doing, told them of America and the potato. They must have caught on, for the potato is now their long suite, they raise the earliest potatoes and send them to London, and sell them either by the ounce or pound according to the season.

The castle has a room in which it is said prisoners were placed the night before they were hung and when they stepped out of the door it was to see the beam with a rope dangling from its centre. In those days there was no drop, so they just strung him up. The beam or part of it is still to be seen.

An old well is located in a dark room; it is walled round for 57 feet, and no one, it is said, ever touched the bottom with a rope. The water was cold and tasted good. The usual rooms, living and sleeping, were to be seen, or the place where they had been, and the secret pass by which certain distinguished people made their escape when necessary. It is now remembered most lovingly on account of the fact that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid it a visit in 1846. It is a fine appearing old thing and as a curio fills the bill very satisfactorily.

**Princess Tower.**

Another building, the Princess Tower, put on some airs a few centuries ago, but was shy on scandals and fights, and so lost cast and at the present day is not considered in the same ruined class as the castle.

**Elizabeth Castle.**

Elizabeth Castle, the old fort that used to guard the en-

trance to St. Helier, the town of the island, is now out of commission, the fine modern Fort Regent commanding the entrance in a very effective manner.

### St. Helier.

St. Helier has a population of about 32,000, including remittance men and retired army officers; it is the seaport town and the principal place of business of the islands. The English language is official but French is taught a certain time each day in the schools, but in the country places many old people could hardly tell you anything in English beyond the pedigree and price of a cow, and when they expect the next crop of potatoes.

The streets are not very wide but the shops and stores are pretty good, some are very old and adorned with the Jersey coat of arms, (three lions on a shield), they are dershound lions with very long bodies and very short legs, caused, I suppose, on account of having to hunt their holes so often when war threatened.

The country surrounding is very pretty and comfortably hilly with a wonderful growth of foliage, in fact everything seems to grow in profusion here except the above mentioned coat of arms and its three lions. Many very pretty bays are around the island, where bathing and lobsters can be indulged in, or the lobster can be indulged in bathing if he pays the price, but Bouley Bay is the home of the lobster where it is served up so nicely and plentifully that I pretty nearly turned turtle the following day after eating them, but as I look back on the experience I believe I would eat them again and take the chances on the after effect.

This is the following day and it is cut out of the history of Jersey. I would have to write personal history and I don't like to read over my own sufferings.

After getting properly in shape we started out for our finish of Jersey in two autos.

We had splendid weather, visited all that was left of the island, the old church of St. Brelade being about the most interesting of this day with the old seaman's chapel said to have been built in the year 800. The sexton that showed us around has been in continual service since the laying of the corner stone, at least he looks and talks that

way; his long suite is the pictures on the ceiling of the chapel; he gets you seated and excuses himself while he sets the sun. Joshua could get cards and spades from this old fellow about commanding the sun. He steps outside places a looking glass in such position that the sun striking its surface throws the reflection in through the door of the chapel, then with another glass in his hand (I mean looking glass) he throws a few sunbeams on the ceiling, calls your undivided attention to what may have been some very crude old paintings. He is free to admit that they are not in perfect condition, but his sanctimonious face and voice almost make you believe you can see Christ entering Jerusalem on the back of an ass because he gets the sunbeam to drag out before your astonished gaze the two ears of the aforesaid beast of burden. I got so enthused after being moved from one side of the chapel to the other and back again, and listening to his prophetic voice, that when he told us about the fall of man depicted in one of the paintings, I actually thought I saw snakes. I felt alright, however, when he told us that the pictures were to be imagined largely as they were not there, having been destroyed by time and things.

After buying whatever postal cards he offered, we hurriedly left the graveyard and its resurrected old keeper, and hastened along to more pleasant if not more modern scenes.

We lunched close to the old place in a pleasantly situated hotel, the St. Brelade, they served spaghetti soup but I could not tackle it till I had a drink as that fall of man business and the snake made me see them in the soup. I felt all right presently, however, and even the asses ears in the entrance to Jerusalem faded away and I began seeing natural. Poor old man, fine old church, credulous me—a wonderful trinity.

On our return trip to the city we passed a parish school, St. Mary or St. Peter, I don't remember which, and I am sure they don't care, anyhow one of our friends wanted to call and see a teacher, so we alighted. It was recess. We all went in and were introduced to the teachers, a very nice lot of inspirers to higher and nobler purposes. The Parson was present, whether as spiritual adviser or intellectual developer, I don't know which. Anyhow none had ever been in a motor car and when it was suggested that a

run around be had, just for the name of the thing, the good parson and teachers piled into the—no I mean gingerly boarded the machine, and when all were seated, the parson having a "Now I lay me" expression on his face, and the teachers a "So mote it be" look in their eyes, they started off, the chauffeur having previously been instructed to give the parson and brain developers a run for their money. About four blocks forming a square was where they were initiated into the mysteries of "going some" and when the machine came to a stand still with all on board safe, I almost thought I heard the doxology.

The fever spread and we piled the youngsters in as many as could sit or stand and sent them the same run till we had all the school runnning like a lot of Comanchi Indians. As we moved off the children cheered in English and French till we were out of hearing.

We hastened along, passing many points of interest, but we were in a hurry to visit the asylum and a fair being held in aid of some homeless children. We made the asylum all right and went through it, found new management but many of the old patients were known to our party and had been there for over 20 years.

We then made our way to the fair in aid of homeless children, and found it well patronized. It seems a Dr. Bernardo in walking along the streets one night was accosted by a waif and after passing it by turned back and questioned the child and found it a place for the night, then the following day further enquiry developed the fact that the child had no home. He provided for it, and then began wondering how many more like this little one were around in that and other places, and he became so interested in this particular phase of humanity that today his name and institutions stand for all that is good in the care of the uncared for derelict children, no matter how they came to that condition, and it is recorded that some of the brightest people of the business world today are primarily responsible to this gentleman for the opportunity of starting right. Leaving the fair and the asylum we made our way to the hotel, had dinner, and all hands, including our Jersey friends, attended the theatre in the evening. The

theatre pleased, because we had had a pleasant day and good company.

The following day we started on our return trip to London by way of Southampton. The weather on this trip proved worse than coming and most of the passengers were feeling very uncomfortable. However, we landed safely and soon were on our way to London where we arrived in due time. Went to the Cecil, and began our visit proper to the British Isles.

## LONDON

London is of such immensity that for me to attempt to say anything about it by way of descriptions would be to belittle it, so I will content myself by putting down a few jottings about some of the wonders of this most wonderful city.

London proper is not so large, being a little over one square mile—that is the London of old. The present London has about 690 square miles. From 43 to 409 A. D. it was not of much importance, and the Romans only kept it because no one seemed to care about it. In the early part of the 7th century the Christians began to build churches of importance, St. Pauls being one of the first that has come down to us in the town's history.

The name London, it seems, came from Llyn, a pool, and din or dun, a hill or port.

Its history is like that of most other places of note. It had its times of peace and times of war; its periods of progress and stagnations, off and on, till 1907, when I found it getting along nicely and trying to sustain its reputation as the greatest thing on earth. A few facts that I learned about it might be useful for anyone who contemplates building up something in opposition to London Town.

The people in general were massacred by the Danes in 839. The town was burned down in 892, and again in 1077. The wind next took a whack at it in 1090 and blew down 600 houses. Then comes along the plague in 1361, and again in 1603-65. Then the great fire of London in 1666. Another big wind in 1703. Then a cold frost in 1739-40, when the Thames was frozen and fairs held on the ice. All this and our arrival in 1907, would





have discouraged most any ordinary town, but when I left it seemed determined to continue doing business at the same old stand.

I have looked over the situation, more or less, and have been impressed about the same way; but I think my deepest and most lasting impression was made by Westminster Abbey, a wonderful place containing most wonderful things.

### Westminister Abbey.

I don't know of any spot on earth that contains the remains of so many and great in historic importance. Friend and foe seem to rest quietly within a few feet of each other; people who have been great in thought and action, have earned their right to their little corner there. But why this place above all other places, I wondered, and here is the answer I found.

Westminister Abbey is built on the site of a Roman temple of Apollo. The first Christian Church was built in 610, to God and St. Peter. About 1050 Edward the Confessor rebuilt on the site of the original Westminister Abbey, intending it to be his place of burial. It was completed and dedicated in 1065, and the Confessor died a few days afterward, and was buried close to the altar. From that time the Norman Kings and English people tried to outdo each other in doing honor to his memory, and to be crowned in this place and to be buried near his body became the proudest wish and greatest honor that could be conferred on a King.

The reason why it is not a Cathedral and how it got its name is that it was built as the Westminister Abbey Church, or the church of the Abbey of Westminister. It was intended for the Monks and an Abbot, and therefore could not be a Cathedral, as the people did not worship there—although I find it was a Cathedral in Henry VIII time, from 1540-50, when the Monastery part had been abolished.

When William the conqueror came over he based his claim to the throne of England on a promise made by the Confessor when he was in exile in Normandy. And when he was crowned it was in Westminister Abbey, and every King and Queen of England has been crowned there

since, including Edward VII.

The chair in which the rulers sit when being crowned in the Abbey has quite a history, and also the stone under the chair, known as the Seone stone, or stone of fate. The legend of the stone runs that Jacob rested his head on it at Beth-el; his sons carried it to Egypt, and from there it passed to Spain; about 700 B. C. it appeared in Ireland with the Spanish invaders, and, placed on the hill of Tara, it became known as the fatal stone, or the stone of destiny.

In 330 B. C. Fergus, the founder of the Scottish Monarchy and also of the blood royal of Ireland, received the stone in Scotland, and on it all Scotch Kings were crowned. Edward I invaded Scotland in 1297, and carried the stone away and placed it in Westminister Abbey, and had a chair made for it, and in this chair all Kings and Queens have been crowned since.

The stone is said to be Scotch sand stone, 26 inches long, 16 inches wide and 11 inches thick, and is under the seat of the chair.

Everything about the Abbey is impressive, the building itself, its contents, and the very atmosphere. It would be useless to attempt anything in detail further. We went through with the guide, heard what he said, and looked upon the objects spoken of. The time consumed seemed long, and yet far too short. I was glad when the lecture was over, yet desirous of remaining much longer.

We went to St. Pauls, but I did not go in, as I thought the Abbey and its memories would suffice for one day.

### The Tower of London.

The Tower of London next attracted our attention. We purchased tickets, and were soon in the presence of the celebrated beef-eaters, a name bestowed on the guards of this particular place. Their uniform is different to that of any other I have seen in the army—middle age uniform I suppose—low shoes, knee breeches and loose tunic, with a sash over the shoulders, a belt around the waist, a ruffle around the neck and a low flat silk hat.

The Tower itself is old, part of it having been built by the Normans, but William the Conqueror built the White Tower, or keep, which gave the place its name.

Then other towers were added in different reigns.

It was the residence of many of the Kings, and a prison for some others. The Crown Jewels are in what is known as the Wakefield Tower. They can be seen in a large glass dome from the outside of a high railing.

We visited many of the other towers, all a part of the London Tower, and saw the old armour of famous men and kings, trophies taken in war, rooms where distinguished people were prisoners, and where some of them were put to death, implements of torture in one tower and the Crown Jewels in another, emblem of past cruelty and present refinement.

### **Charing Cross.**

Charing Cross, the center of London, and the site of the old village of Charing, and the last place at which the bearers of the body of Eleanor, Queen and wife of Edward I, rested, when they returned to London. At each resting place Edward caused a cross, similar to Charing, to be erected. This was the last and perhaps the only one at present extant. Trafalgar square is here at this point, and the Nelson monument its center.

### **Houses of Parliament.**

The Houses of Parliament at Westminster are fine buildings on historic sites. One of the towers contains the celebrated clock known as "Big Ben". The structures are modern and imposing in appearance and Gothic in architecture.

### **Petticoat Lane.**

We changed from the impressive and grand to the lighter, if not the brighter, side of London, and took in Petticoat Lane. The official name is Middlesex street, but you never hear it. This place has been celebrated, or notorious, or both, for many years. Here you can buy clothes for almost nothing, new or second hand, on the streets or in stores. You can have your pockets picked and your watch stolen while you are looking at the time. It is the home of the Jew trader of the cheaper

kind. It is the place to go to learn a new language of London.

After we had ridden slowly through, stopping here and there to watch an interesting exchange of old clothes for money, or an exchange of opinions as to the character of one stall keeper about the other, or the praising of the articles this or that one sold, we escaped, and, after a hasty examination to find if I had been touched, and finding money in my pocket, concluded to buy a drink, and to that end told the motor man to drive to Dirty Dicks.

### Dirty Dicks.

I alighted, and going down the basement at No. 49 Bishopsgate Without, found myself in that noted place of cobwebs, wine and spirits. I tried a little and found it all right. I became interested. The bar keepers wore leather aprons, and the place back of the bar and around the barrels and bottles are covered with dust and cobwebs. Your glass and liquor are clean, and the service polite, in fact politeness connected with dirt has made the first owner and the place noted.

Dirty Dick, as he became known, was a dandy in his early manhood, and had inherited a fortune from his father, Nathaniel Bentley, who kept the dram shop now under inspection. Young Nathaniel had carriages and servants, a country house, and was looked upon as among the then smart set. He became engaged to a young lady, and invited his intended bride and a number of friends to a splendid feast at his home. The day arrived, and with it came the news that the young lady was dead. He shut up the room in which the feast was spread and it was never opened for 40 years. He became careless of his clothes, and, instead of being a dandy and spendthrift, became dirty and a miser. He attended to the business but let cobwebs and dirt accumulate till it was talked about so much that ladies patronized the place from curiosity. Politeness and excessive dirtiness soon made the place a novelty. This continued for nearly 50 years, and when he died the rooms upstairs were found in a state of dirt and decay. For some years before he died he would close up the place and go off for

months and come back at or about the anniversary of his engagement feast, open the place for a few weeks, close it up and go away again, he died in Musselburgh, Scotland, 1809.

A new building occupies the site of the old dram shop, but the cellar and a small part of the upstairs still remain. It is one of the old landmarks of London, and is visited and patronized by people from all over the world.

I'm afraid I dallied too long with Dirty Dicks, and will have to cut the rest of London very short.

### Hampton Court

We spent most of a day at Hampton Court. This place was built by Cardinal Wolsey, when he was great and lived like a king. He gave it to Henry VIII, who lived there occasionally. Cromwell made it his residence, William III did most for it and lived there. All his rooms and paintings are to be seen. It was here also that the conference took place, with James I presiding, and which led to the translation of the Bible.

The palace is well kept and guarded, full of valuable paintings and works of art, and would require a much longer time, to see it properly, than we devoted to it.

The many other places that we visited in London will have to remain for the present as memories, as we are due at Yorkshire and its castles and abbeys.

### YORKSHIRE.

Left London by an early train, and, after a rapid run, arrived in Liverpool, where we were met by our Wigan friends. We looked around the town for an hour or two, and, taking another train, arrived at Wigan, and the Workhouse, which was to be our general headquarters during our rambles through the British Isles.

I will not say anything about this place at present, as our subsequent visits call for more notice. We rested a day or so, and then away to Settle, in Yorkshire. A run of about three hours brought us to the new station of this old town.

We were met by a nephew of ours, whom I had not seen for about 29 years. He certainly belongs to the

rising generation. He is 6 feet, 4 inches high, and quite a lot of him tured up at the ankles for feet. His hands were also built on a generous plan, as was his grasp and welcome. He soon had us on our way to the schoolhouse, where he is head master. His wife gave us a warm welcome, and we soon were at home, or at least feeling that way.

Settle is a small town of about 2000 population, and only exist for the purpose of keeping down the population of Giggleswick, its ancient rival on the opposite bank of the river Ribble.

At the present time Settle keeps out of prison by pretending to have some scenery and grazing land on which they feast tourists and sheep; but Giggleswick could be vagged any day in the week for having "no visible means of support," other than a church and a history.

There are so manw towns and villages around this part of the country that a few words will have to be suffice. where much should be written.

Giggleswick has a church that has been handed down from the wood and wattles period of building, and before the time of the Saxons. On the same site a Norman church was built. This was destroyed and another built, then the conquest, the present one restored many times, and Giggleswick is accounted for in church history. Giggleswick and Settle are rival claimants to other things. Settle concedes Giggleswick the church and its history, but claims the Scars and Ebbing and Flowing Well. Neither town claims to have caused these natural wonders, but each claims the title to them.

At the time of the Crusades Settle and Giggleswick were not very friendly. The soil was of no account, being completely covered with small stones, and the population of either burgh, when not employed gathering these rocks and building stone fences or hedges, were throwing them across the Ribble at each other.

The Giggleswick men, being somewhat henpecked, joined a gentlemen from their side of the river and went away to kill the Saracen. They did not return. The Settle boys had in the meantime been piling up the rocks and clearing the would-be pasture lands, till they grew up to be big young men, and the may-be-they-were-widows waded across the Ribble. The Settle boys took

them up on the Scar and married them, came down, drank at the Ebbing and Flowing Well, washed the Giggleswick dust off their feet, went home with the boys, and agreed that here they would Settle down. This is the origin of the name, but Giggleswick claims to have the laugh on them to this day.

### Giggleswick.

From the Clapham road over the bridge and about half a mile from Settle, the road turns to the left and down a steep little hill for about one hundred yards, and you find yourself in the center of Giggleswick, consisting of one running street of old houses. The street is about a quarter of a mile long, and the houses are all ages, from 1631 to say 1731. I want to be accurate, and to be so I am inclined to the belief that during my visit they were either building, or restoring a building, or talking about doing so. A little stream called the Tames runs through the outerpart of the village.

The church and the hotel are in a kind of a square of irregular shape. The old Saxon Cross and the remains of the Stone Stocks are here also. The hotel is run by the undertaker, and during my stay a woman died somewhere near. It was a great event for the village. The hearse had to be painted, and the village folks belonging to the One Hundred attended. All events in the near future will be reckoned from the funeral of old Aunt Margaret. Her mother died 25 years before.

### The Ebbing and Flowing Well.

The Ebbing and Flowing Well is noted, and has been written about by many scientific people. It is on the right-hand side of the Clapham road, and about a mile from Giggleswick. It ebbs and flows every five or ten minutes, and rises and falls about seven inches. At its height a silver cord, or worm, darts out from one or both sides, drawing back and darting out again, like a small trout would, and sometimes goes clear across the well from one side or starting from both sides meets in the middle. It is caused by the circular action of the water on its way to the well. The worm is air confined,

and coming with such force into the water that instead of breaking as a bubble, it acts as above.

There are two outlets to the well, an upper and a lower. The morning we went there it was on its good behavior. We found some people watching it. We stepped out of the carriage, and before we were there a minute the well had filled, the worm appeared and went straight across a short distance below the surface. The oldest inhabitant being one of the observers, assured me that it was the most perfect action on the part of the well he had ever seen. The well is walled in by very large flat stones, about three feet higher than the road level, and is truly a wonder.

The Scarps, as they are called, is a geological fault, and between Settle and Long Preston, on the moors, present a bit of Switzerland scenery. This last town is about four miles across the hills and moors from Settle. I enjoyed the walk many times, through the heather one way and back by the road the other. Long Preston, as a town, is not celebrated for much, still it is pretty in a way.

Clapham is another town, or village, about six miles from Settle, and worth visiting. It has some pretty scenery, and a cave of note. The village will not become a city, if the present owner lives for a few hundred years, as he has refused to allow anyone to acquire land on which to build a house. He owns the village ground and all the houses, and thinks it big enough.

### Skipton.

About this time we went to Skipton, a town of some pretensions, and has a castle, old in history. The castle is in a fine state of preservation. It withstood all attacks till Cromwell came and he dismantled it and knocked off the roof—a favorite method of putting castles out of commission.

It is well cared for at present, a portion of it being occupied by the agent of the owner. We were conducted through all the rooms and dungeons. Mary Queen of Scots was one of the distinguished prisoners cared for here. Her room was shown us, and in the court yard grows an old yew tree over five hundred years old, under

the shade of which Mary used to sit.

From Skipton we went to Bolton Abbey, and the woods, a distance of about six miles. We drove there and through the woods to the Strid, a place on the river Wharfe, where it is possible to step across. It is a kind of a gorge, the formation of the bedrock causing the water to force its way through a narrow passage. The Strid is narrow but deep, and a great column of water passes through. Many have been drowned at this point, including one of the direct heirs of the British throne, in the long ago. The woods are large and beautiful, the trees are old and grand, and the entire surroundings, including the Abbey, are as celebrated as any in England.

The Abbey proper was begun in 1154 and was endowed by lands and money. This place was selected on account of the drowning in the Strid of the boy of Egremont, a grand nephew of King David of Scotland. The building was added to and repaired from time to time, and was celebrated for its hospitality to the stranger and wayfarer.

It was dissolved in 1539, but the nave was spared and church service has been held continuously since the foundation of the Abbey, the only place, perhaps, in England with such a record.

The church proper, as it stands today, is 88 feet 6 inches long, 47 feet 10 inches wide and 55 feet high. The register dates from 1689, and the first known minister was named Idson. He began his term in 1603.

The Monastery part of the building is now only a ruin, but the old standing walls show remnants of splendid arches. Indeed one or two are in a perfect state of preservation.

The grave yard between the Abbey and the river has a few old stones, but not many. The river Wharfe is crossed at this spot by the "stepping stones," 57 in number. They stand out of the river in the summer time about eight inches, but in the winter it must be a task to cross on them. A bridge, however, has been built just below this point for foot passengers. When these stones were first put down no one seems to know, but they must be as old as the Abbey.

After spending a pleasant day in the woods and Abbey a person leaves with reluctance this place of peace and

grandeur. The only jarring reminder of human cruelty is the monument erected to the memory of the late Lord Cavendish by the tenants of Bolton Abbey estate, on which is recited the fact of his murder in Phoenix Park, Dublin, May 6th 1882.

The following day we motored to Long Preston, and on to Grassington, another of the old towns in Yorkshire, and about nineteen miles from Settle. It is one of the most quaint of towns, with a history all its own running back into dreamland. I wandered through the back alleys and into little squares, in which I found old houses built in 1601, others that looked older in style but without dates, and crooked streets running up hill and around corners.

Grassington has a magic well, known as "Lady's Well." In early days pilgrimages were made to it on account of its miraculous cures, and later by love-sick maidens with unrequited love. One drink of water by the maiden would make the swain have a couple of thoughts coming; two would make him call around, and three would make him buy a ring. I felt no particular emotions, so concluded that no sick maid was drinking my health in the waters of the "Lady's Well." We hurried back to Settle, for the morrow was to start us to Chester, and then to Stratford on Avon, the home of the immortal bard.

## CHESTER.

Arrived in the afternoon about two o'clock; had our hand baggage taken to the carriage, and was about to enter, when, looking across the street, my eye lighted on the Queen Hotel, the place I had selected. I tried to look wise, and told the railway porter to take my things to the hotel, and a very good one it proved to be. We were both eager to get around in this old place and soon had a carriage, and went on our tour of inspection.

I had been looking up some data before I arrived, and from that I learned that Chester is all alone, and in a class by itself, as an old English town, which authentic history can be traced back prior to the Christian era and the Roman occupation, which took place in the early half of the first century A. D. The reason for so many old

features is the very fact of the long-continued occupancy by the Romans, which lasted almost four centuries. The end of the first century saw walls and gates built. The gates were four in number. Baths were established and monuments erected, and it became one of the principle Camps of Rome.

The Romans lost their grip in the fifth century, and Chester was occupied by the Romo-Britans, and later by the Danes. The town in the meantime going down in character, both as to buildings and civilization, semi-barbarism prevailing in all the immediate surrounding country.

In about 907 along came relief in the form of Ethelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great. She drove out the Danes, and started house cleaning. She rebuilt the walls that had been battered and shot to pieces. This time good walls took the place of the original one, which was built of earth and turf. The city did well during her life, and she was succeeded by the Saxon King, Edgar, who built a number of vessels and established a naval fleet close to the town, on the river Dee. He also held court here.

Nothing much happened until William the Conqueror came over, and, after taking stock to see if anything was missing, made a present of it to one Gherbod, who happened to be a prisoner in Flanders, and when he couln't get bail, William gave the town to his nephew Hugh Lupus.

When Henry the III went to the bat he took Chester away from everybody, and gave it to his eldest son and made him Earl of Chester, since which time the Earldom has gone to the heir of the throne.

The Welsh people put on a lot of airs about this time and came up to the city gates and threw old tin cans and dead cats and things over the fence. This kept up for some years. Then King Edward, after he got used to the crown, for a few days in 1272, went after the Welsh and "didn't do a thing to them." He stayed over night many times in Chester while he was accomplishing the downfall of the Welshers.

From 1643-45 it stood a siege of the Parliamentary

party, and only surrendered when no one could give the other even a hand out.

The city as it stands today looks somewhat, I would imagine, as it looked before the last siege, with its old bridge and churches, its ancient covered way and monuments.

The Cathedral never had a beginning as a sacred site, from a Chester point of view. In Roman times a Temple of Apollo occupied it, and this was built on the ruins of an ancient Druidical shrine. The present, or first Christian church was built in the seventh century. The Saxon and Norman have left evidence of their interest, and the character of their architecture is preserved in many portions of the building. The fifteenth century saw the greatest attempt at completion, and even in that work of restoring and rebuilding what were once the Capitols and Columns are now buried in the ground and serving as bases. The interior has an air of centuries ago, the fittings of old seats (each one for some particular individual of note) has a device on it. The carvings on the fittings and stone arches, the ceilings, the old banners of the Cheshire regiment, that fought at the storming of Quebec, recall the fact that in olden times the church, like the nation, had to do some fighting, and, like the nation, when it couldn't find an enemy on the outside, fought within itself.

A characteristic of olden times peculiar to Chester is the covered way or rows. The stores or shops in some streets are so constructed that you may walk up a flight of steps landing on what would be the first floor upstairs and you find yourself on a sidewalk, apparently, with a railing on the street side, and columns rising to support the upper stories of the buildings. The upstairs sidewalk is about 10 feet wide, and some of the best stores in Chester are to be found here. You can walk blocks this way in the rain and not worry about the street crossings.

Some old individual houses of note are pointed out: The Gods Providence House, on Watergate street, which was the only house in this street that escaped the plague in the seventeenth century. The owner then had engraved on the main beam of the house, "Gods Providence is Mine Inheritance."

Another is Bishop Lloyds, the date 1615, and many

old carvings on the outside panels make it worthy of inspection. There are eight panels, and the engravings run from Adam and Eve (without even the conventional fig leaf) to the Crucifixion.

In Watergate street is the old palace of the Stanleys. I went all through it and saw the room in which the Earl of Derby spent his last night before he was beheaded at Bolton in 1657. The day before his death a messenger came to him and told him he would be expected to be ready at 6 a. m. the morrow, to go to Bolton and if he had any good friend who would do the kind act for him he could bring him along. The Earl, asking if he meant to have his friend cut his head off, the messenger replied, "Yes," thinking it was a privilege to have ones head cut off by a friend. But the Earl declined, saying if they could not find any one to cut his head off, he would let it stay where it was, but he was accomodated the very next day.

The walls of Chester are supposed to be, and I think they are, the best preserved in 'the world. A person may walk for a distance of about two miles and get a better view of the city than any other way.

The river Dee, upon which the Jolly Miller once lived, rises and runs through Wales, and on its banks the town of Chester is built. It is quite a stream, and empties into the Irish sea.

Eaton Hall, the residence of the Duke of Westminister, and considered one of the best in England, is on the Dee, about four miles from town.

Hawarden Castle, the home of Gladstone, is close to the river and six miles from Chester.

Hawarden village is a small one, but the church was built in 1275. There are so many things of interest in and around Chester that a month could be easily and profitably spent viewing them, but I know that Stratford on Avon is losing money every hour I remain, sooo good-bye Chester.

### STRATFORD ON AVON

Left Chester at noon, and, in the course of about three hours, more or less, arrived at Stratford on Avon, or the birthplace of Shakesqeare.

The town, as it appears today, is a clean thrifty looking

aggregation of stores, shops, hotels, memorial buildings, historic houses and trades people.

The general character of the buildings run to the Shakespeare residence style of architecture rather than the Hathaway. Its present population is about 9000. It is built on the river Avon, not a very large stream, that derives its name and source from Avon Well in Northamptonshire. At the time that Shakespeare was born it could not have amounted to much, and its population was but a few hundred.

It got its first charter in the eighth century as a Saxon village; was incorporated June 28, 1553, and about eleven years later the town made a ten-strike by arranging for the birth of William Shakespeare, which occurred on April 23, 1564, in Henley street. No particular record at present available tells of his boyhood days, but it is supposed that he had the measles and whooping cough, played marbles and hookey, stole gooseberries and apples attended school in the old Guild hall or grammar school, where his first play was produced.

He did not confine himself to his own fireside, but made goo-goo eyes at a fair maid of Shottery, named Anne Hathaway, and she, being older, saw that the budding genius was the real thing, closed the deal, and they were married by contract in 1582, and settled down to house-keeping in a part of his father's house, or his birthplace. He was only about 18 years old at this time. Anne kept house and William did a whole lot of thinking and writing, and at the end of a year, another think was coming, when Susannah was born. William seemed disturbed for a few days and then made some notes in his book and turned over a new leaf.

Nothing startling occurred during the next two years except that it was noticed by the neighbors that William was getting awfully baldheaded for so young a man, and some of the oldest inhabitants thought the young man was at least queer.

In 1585 twins appeared in Shakespeare's family, and the wise ones said "I told you so," but William didn't seem to mind. He named the twins Hammit and Judith—one happening to be a boy and the other a girl.

It may not have been the twins that drove him to it, but shortly after this, he was arrested for poaching and

brought before Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlecote, and was by some arrangement allowed to go, whether on account of the twins or not has never been discovered; anyhow he left the town and went to London, where he seems to have been lost sight of for a time. It seems to be agreed that his wonderful genius had shown itself before this time, and that neither the poaching affair nor the twins drove him away; but his people being poor, his town small and his family large in a small way, he was really compelled to get out and dig. He is supposed to have gone abroad, and this argument is used to account for his knowledge of foreign customs and characters.

1591 found him in London, and prosperous. He became owner of his birthplace in Stratford, after his father died, and purchased what is known as the new place in his native town. He grew in importance and popularity, and died on the 23rd of April, 1616, being the anniversary of his birth and at the age of 52.

Like all great men Shakespeare began to be appreciated when his writings and plays were collected and printed, which did not occur till some years after his death, and as the years roll on, the character and genius of Shakespeare is attested by the erection of memorials all over the world, but especially in Stratford on Avon, where he was born and where his remains now rest.

The town as far as memorials and churches, art and literature, business and pleasure, is concerned is all Shakespeare, and his memory the only thing that ever happened.

The house where he was born passed to his sister after his death, and from one to another without much regard as to who lived or died under its roof.

A butcher occupied the place, where the kitchen or living room is, but the open fireplace where little Willie used to sit on the hob and warm his toes in winter is still preserved.

old windows remain, and on this glass surface are the names of Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle in their own hand writing.

The garden back of the house is a wonder in its way, in that an attempt is made to grow every tree and fruit and flower mentioned in his works.

I left the place where he was born and went to the

church of the Holy Trinity, where his remains are entombed inside the altar rails. The register is open at the pages that record the birth and burial.

The church is old, the central tower was built in the twelfth century, and the building completed in the fifteenth century, and completely restored in 1890-92.

The memorial building contains a theatre, and is located at the end of Chapel Lane.

Memorial performances are held every April; many celebrated actors and actresses have appeared on these occasions, and many are the pictures and works of art donated to this building by artists and sculptors, rich men and actors.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage is out of the town proper, at a place called Shottery. It is a common-looking country-thatched affair; has been restored, and is supposed to be occupied by some of the descendants of her family. A room is pointed out as that which was occupied by Anne, and her bed and an old chest and some furniture, claimed to have been used by her, is shown.

The Shakespeare Hotel, "of ye five gables," is another old relic, and is the place where we put up. Each room is named after a character or characters of Shakespeare; ours happened to be "Troilus and Cressida." They may have been all right in Trojan times, but their names did not keep the room warm, so we had a fire built. It rained against the widows of Troilus and Cressida, if we were it. I told Cressida, who didn't feel well, that I would see about getting more room, and a sitting-room was soon arranged for and a fire built. This room was marked Richard III. I swelled up, called my wife, or Cressida, to come along, for Richard was himself again. Poor woman, she was not feeling well, having a bad cold, but she looked at me in such a manner as though she doubted that Richard was himself again, but rather that he might be King Lear. As I remember, some of the rooms had peculiar and some significant names: The parlor was the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" the bar-room, "Measure for Measure;" the dining room, "As You Like It;" the porters room, "Othello the Moor of Venice", and the office where you settled your bill was marked "The Tempest."

We had our meals served in the sitting room, but eating

as Richard III, and sleeping as Troilus, bothered me so much that after looking over the side shows in the shape of relics, we left Shakespeare and his town, concluding that "All's Well That Ends Well."

### BELFAST.

Arrived on steamer from Fleetwood after a moonlight night on the waters and comfortable weather. Had breakfast on board. Took a carriage and went to the Imperial on Donegal place.

Belfast is the largest town in Ireland, it is the commercial centre of the country, has a population of about 400,000, built on the banks of the river Lagan. A large part of the town is low, most of it lying only 6 feet above sea level at high tide, being largely reclaimed land. The present harbour was formerly a small creek but by dredging and building it is now one of the best in the country.

Belfast first rubbed the mud off its feet and spruced up a little after the Province of Ulster was given to De Courcy. Presently a fortress was built and that meant for someone to dare to knock it down. 1316 saw Edward Bruce take a shy at it and knocked it galley-west, then Hugh O'Neill and a few others took it back and forth from each other on legal holidays, or to celebrate a christening in the family. After a number of mix ups it was forfeited to the crown, and in 1612 it was handed over to Sir Arthur Chichester, the then Lord Deputy, and his descendants, the Donegals have it today. It seems that in 1613 it got out its first papers from James I, and started business for keeps, then comes along James II and takes it away and gives them a charter of his own brand, with the name blown in the bottle. Then King William the III comes along and lands at Carrickfergus and hurries along to Belfast where it seems they were pleased to meet him. At that time the town consisted of about 300 houses, but they made a good showing and were nearly all English settlers so they talked the matter over with Willie and he took away James the II's charter and gave them back their old one with new Irish lace trimmings on it. They kept on weaving and doing odd jobs around and cursing the Pope till the year 1888 when Queen Victoria gave them the rank of city, and in 1892 made their Mayor into a Lord

Mayor, since which time no Lord Mayor has cursed the Pope.

The city had arrived at that satisfactory state of affairs when I discovered it in 1907. Shipping and ship building, spinning and weaving linen, hemstitching and embroidering are their particularly recognized industries. The best streets are the Royal Avenue, Donegal Place and High st. You can see as good stores around those places as you will find in almost any town. They have many public buildings that are good, notably the City Hall, finished two years ago, and a credit to the city. The exterior is imposing and is located on the site of the old Linen Hall at the head of Donegal Place. A statue of Queen Victoria, standing, is in front of the building, and sufficient ground space around the square, well kept, prevents that crowded appearance to be met with in some public buildings. The interior is finished in varigated marble and stucco, large rooms for receptions, meetings and balls of an official character are provided for, and the former Mayors and Lord Mayors are done in oil and are hung around the corridors. Many other buildings and institutions attract attention and public parks are plentiful and well kept.

Robison & Cleaver, manufacturers and retailers, have quite an establishment opposite the City Hall on the corner of Donegal place. We went through and saw the process of manufacturing, including spinning, weaving and finishing. Had a motor while here and drove around, then out to Newtownards, about ten miles from Belfast, where the dialect is as different as two countries. The Newtownards people speak with a broad Scotch accent, they also are a linen centre, principally handkerchiefs and embroidery. Then we drove to Grey Abbey an old ruin, also destroyed by that gentleman named Cromwell during his vacation in the 17th century. The old place is worth a visit on account of its history, authentic and imaginary. We drove still further on to another little burgh called Carrowdore, the houses here look as if they had been built centuries ago and the original inhabitants still in possession. Back to Belfast by way of the Cave Hill, about the only place where you can see over the tops of the houses unless you go far out in the country. This hill rises up 1188 feet and got its name from the caves that

are in it. The hill looks good, it is about three miles out of the city proper, and the surrounding country through which we drove had the appearance of prosperity, the land appearing to be good and the crops plentiful, though late.

### The Giants Causeway.

While making Belfast our headquarters we also took in the Giants Causeway. Took the train for Portrush, a little seaport town about 8 miles from the Causeway, which is reached by electric cars, claimed by the local people to have been the first in the world to be operated for practical purposes. Opened in 1883. On your way in this train you pass Dunluce Castle, an old ruin on the coast about half way to the Causeway. Its history is like most of its kind, stirring and romantic. It stands on a rock about 100 feet above the water, and in its time must have been hard to approach, as the land side was almost surrounded by water. Between the Castle and the Causeway you pass a place where the conductor informed me the remains of the late Brian Boru are at rest. I have since found another spot where the remains of this distinguished gentleman are still slumbering; but perhaps he rests in one place and slumbers in the other. The Giant's Punch Bowl and a Wishing Arch are passed on the last stretch, and after about an hour's ride you are at the Causeway, that is to say after you have walked half a mile you can then walk over the rocks forming the Causeway, or take a boat, or both. We took a boat, as the water was calm and we wanted to see the cave which can only be seen by going in the boat. We visited the cave first. To reach the boat you must clamber down a rather steep path over rocks, and when you reach the boat, to get aboard requires care on the part of a lady, but once seated and around the bend of rocks you are at the cave and repaid for the trouble.

The entrance is wide enough and lofty, it is arched over in something of a gothic style, and is about 30 or 40 feet high, the width I should imagine to be about 20 feet at the entrance. It was low tide when we went in and had the advantage of seeing it in all its beauty. Iron or oxide of iron is in the rocks and the water action has made the

rocks at low tide a pretty red colour, and through crevices in the top of the arch the same coloring is to be seen and lends an added beauty to its appearance. After coming out we rowed around to a place where we got our first glimpse of the Causeway proper, and after having read about it and admired the photographs of it, the first sight is disappointing. It looks altogether squatly from what you had imagined, and it is only after some thought and a closer inspection that the truly wonderful nature of the formation begins to bring you around to a thoroughly satisfied condition of mind. The Giant's chimney tops, three in number, take away some of the bad effect of the first impression. Then the organ and the old woman climbing up hill, the amphitheatre and columns themselves all pointed out to you by the boatman gradually bring you back to a realization of the fact that you are looking at a great work of nature.

The story told about the formation is as follows: One Fin Mac Coul was the champion of Ireland, and about this time there was also a champion in Scotland who was having things his own way, and having heard about Fin sent over word that if it were not for wetting his feet he would go over and give him a licking. This got Fin's Irish up and he went to the King asking for permission to build a road for the Scot to come over on; the request was granted and Fin built the road. The Scot came over, affairs were arranged, a referee agreed on, the winner to take the entire gate receipts, there were no preliminaries in those days, so they got busy. The Scot it seems feinted with his left and Fin landed with his right and the Scot fainted all over. The King called off the seconds and declared the Scot out. Time 1-30. Fin then stepped to the Scot's corner, gave him a glass of Irish whiskey, he woke up and they shook hands. He acknowledged that Fin beat him fair, and Fin assuring the press reporters that the Scot was the hardest man he ever met, the Scot married into Finn's family and they both went on the road together. The road to Scotland not being necessary, nature, at the request of Fin, destroyed it all but the Causeway where it began.

In formation it is Basalt and is said to contain 40,000 columns averaging 20 feet high, broken in short sections of a few feet. The sections are connected by concave and

convex joints, the stones are either five or six sided and about 20 inches in diameter. One portion stands up higher than the rest and shows columns about 30 feet high. Geology explains the cause of the formation, but it is good to look at and know that nature is still a pretty good mechanic when it comes to making things fit together, as the columns are as perfectly formed as a mechanic could fit on a small scale.

The amphitheatre is a semi-circular affair, said to be the theatre of the giants, it is a good semi-circle and large, about as large as the amphitheatre at Rome, more or less, as I did not measure either.

The Wishing Chair is a particular stone on which you sit down, close your eyes and think you're thinking. Anything you wish for when you are on the rocks will surely come to pass, more or less.

The Causeway has to grow on a person, which it does. When you first see it you consider it a baby in arms, when you leave it you think it will do, and after you think some more you realize that it is truly a wonderful piece of nature's handiwrk.

We arrived safely in Belfast and started to take in Portadown, Lough Neagh, Gilford, Tanderagee and Armagh.

Arrived in Portadown somewhere about 11 a. m., visited the market; it was a fair day; had lunch at the Imperial Hotel; got an Irish jaunting car, the first my wife had ridden on. She wanted to be in some small place to take a chance. She did not take kindly to it at first but after a little became quite an expert at remaining on the seat. We drove through the country to a place called Maghery, the fishing village. We wanted to get some fish but it was Saturday and all had been sent to town. The fish is called Pollen, it is peculiar to Lough Neagh. This is the lake about which Moore wrote on Lough Neagh banks, etc. Tradition says that when the Isle of Man appeared that Lough Neagh was formed, and that on fine days the tops of the houses sunk in the lake can be seen, however, it is the largest fresh water lough in Great Britain.

We drove back and saw many pretty houses, thatched and otherwise. Maghery seemed dirty but out in the country proper most of the houses were pictures of neat-

ness, no matter how poor. All whitewashed and invariably a little growing plant inside one or more of the windows.

Portadown has a population of about 10,000, and its principle industry is spinning and weaving linen.

Next morning, Sunday, we took another Jaunting car and started for Gilford about five miles distant. It is an old town and has a spool thread works and spinning mill, also Gilford Castle. The drive to it is pretty, principally through demesne, a contrast from yesterday's drive which was all through cottage property. The town itself is not much but we wanted to go there and take in Tanderagee where the Duke of Manchester has his castle which, we found, his father-in-law, Mr. Zimmerman, had either bought or taken from him. I saw this place as well as the others 30 years ago and the only change worthy of mention is the change Mr. Zimmerman's money has wrought in the castle.

We drove back to Portadown, as was necessary to get on the road to Armagh. I particularly wanted to see this place on account of its peculiar Irish history, it having played a very important part in church and other affairs.

We started about one o'clock in the afternoon and after driving 9 Irish miles and occupying a little over one hour doing it, we brought up at the Beresford Hotel where we had lunch. Before we arrived, however, the driver informed us that a Notionalist Meeting was to be held at Armagh that day and that a great procession would be seen, and great speakers speak. And sure enough we were just seated at lunch in the Dining Room on the second floor when the manager came to us and said he would pull the table out from the window so that we could see the procession pass. We were in good luck, as it all passed right in front and I'm sure all windows elsewhere were occupied. The procession was a corker and was composed of the Hibernians, the Foresters of Ireland and many others that I could not understand. Banners, drums, and fife and brass bands, all had a show and old King William would have turned over in his grave had he known of it, and Cromwell would surely have wanted to demolish another abbey

had he ever contemplated such a procession.

John Redmond and other Irish Nationalists of note addressed the meeting on a hill outside the town and had a good time. On the way back a few had taken a teaspoon too much, but still could keep up the procession.

I visited St Patrick's Cathaderal and found it to be a Protestant Cathedral, and the Roman Catholic, or Armagh Cathedral, a new church only finished two years ago. Old St Patrick's is the place I wanted to see, so I got a guide from the hotel and off we started but I found out he knew where the church was and that was all. I could tell him more about it myself than he ever heard of because I had become interested in its history.

Armagh it seems is one of the oldest and most important of the towns of Ireland, from a Christian point of view. It would appear from what I can find out that 300 B. C. a woman who seemed to have woman's rights down to a science, and who was known as Queen Macha of the Golden Hair, founded a palace and called it Ard Macha, or the Hill of Macha. She was the first and only queen who ruled in Ireland. Somebody on the outside said something about her hair and a war ensued and she fell in battle and was buried here at a place now known as Navanfort, about two miles from Armagh. This gave the place a good boost for the time being, but dull times followed and it was run down more or less for a while, but gradually picked up and was getting along nicely in a pagan way, when from Dnmbarton, Scotland, St. Patrick appeared on the scene, not as St. Patrick, but as a youth and a Scot slave, so I learned. He landed on the coast of Antrim and went to the west, and the next heard of him was in France as a student at the school of St. Martin of Tours. His next landing in Ireland was at Strangford Lough whence he proceeded to convert the people of Ulster. In 423 he met the then King and Druids at the royal hill of Tara in a conference concerning the Christian religion. He then proceeded to build his first great church at Armagh on the site of the present St. Patricks Cathedral. He had hard work getting a site for his first church from the old man Duire who was boss of the first ward at the time, and a fierce old

dyed in the wool democrat. He refused at first to grant any land on which to build, but finally let St. Patrick take an old hill covered with rushes where he proceeded to build, and so well that around this first church schools of learning sprang up and from which issued some of the best learned men of the following generations and up till about the 9th or 10th centuries, when the Danes came over and upset everything, knocking Armagh galley west in three or four different languages.

The church was rebuilt in 1268, only to be destroyed by the O'Neills in the reign of Elizabeth and again in the reign of Charles I. It was restored many times since and little of the original is left but some of it is still incorporated in the present building. The body of Brian Boru is claimed to lie under the chancel, but I was shown another favorite burying spot where he is also interred.

It seems almost beyond belief that St. Patrick was never really canonized as a saint at Rome, and that he never went into the South to preach, but sent disciples. Where he banished the snakes from Ireland was at a place called Croagh Patrick.

Armagh, through the efforts and work of St. Patrick, has always been the head of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, the Primate of Ireland having his See there today. His residence and the new cathedral erected lately are worthy of the primacy. I visited the Cathedral and it can boast of mosaic work on its walls that can compare favorably with any in Italy.

Got back to Portadown, had dinner, and caught the train for Belfast, where we arrived about 10 at night well pleased with the outing.

### KILLARNEY.

After passing through a number of towns, stopping at Dublin to rest and look around, arrived at the far-famed Killarney, took a car, and after driving through the town and about a mile and a half into the country, pulled up at the Lake Hotel on the banks of the Lower Lake, and was assigned to a room on the water side.

I am through with my visit, and have looked back

over it all and am well pleased with its scenery, interested in its history, amused, entertained, pleased, gratified and mad at its inhabitants.

I was very much interested in learning that the County of Kerry, in which the lakes are planted, was the first spot in Ireland to be inhabited, and lest there should be any doubt about it here is when and how it happened: 250 years after the flood on the 14th day of May, a gentleman by the name of Parthoian, landed in the west of Munster; he was accompanied by the following: Slaing, Laighlinne and Rudhruldhe, (his three sons) and Dealgnab, Nerbha, Ciolebha and Cerbuad, (their four wives). It seems they began their journey in the middle of Greece, and steered towards Sicily, leaving Spain and landing as above.

After getting a clean bill of health from the quarantine officers, and showing that they had no dutiable goods in their possession, were landed. This was Cook's first tourist party and the beginning of the company. The old man when he first saw the lake said "Oh!" and the balance of the family gave him that name. This accounts for the O'Sullivans, O'Connells, etc. The family grew and spread all over the country, but the real descendants of the best elements of the family continued to live in the County Kerry, and the very best of them made their homes around Killarney.

When they found out the lakes were so beautiful they thought of advertising, but America had not been discovered, and they agreed to build abbeys and monasteries, so that when America in future centuries should have been discovered and peopled with millionaires they would have something old as well as beautiful to show them in exchange for all they could get. This much-desired condition of affairs was in first-class working order when we arrived.

### The Gap of Dunloe.

This should be seen by every American tourist, not because it beats all the other places, but because you can get beat better here than any other place, and this is the

only place I beat at Killarney for I did not get through the gap.

I had made all arrangements with the hotel keeper to take myself and wife by private car and boat for this day's excursion, he told me how much, and all was satisfactory, but he could not take us through the gap, as that was controlled by other people, but the fare through would be half a crown each on horseback or low-back car. All right, we wanted the low-back, so we started off.

After passing through the town the first object I saw on driving up a little hill was an old man with a flute playing "The Wearing of the Green," at as much as you cared to throw him.

We drove for almost a mile without meeting anybody who wanted to give a way postal cards or socks for half of what they cost, but towards the approach to Kate Kearney's cottage, say for the last three miles, we encountered squadrons of flying cavalry, each intent on selling you his horse under the pretense that he was only charging you hire for riding him through the gap.

I got rid of a few regiments and detachments with the announcement that we were going through on a low-back car. Then each one had a low-back car, and so it continued. What with ponies, low-back cars on the part of the gentlemen of the road, and postal cards, socks, bog oak, and plain begging on the part of the ladies that were, a most enjoyable few miles were put in, after which we pulled up at Kate Kearney's cottage and the entrance to the gap.

We were told to alight and enter the former abode of that celebrated beauty, which we did, and found her successor a most wonderful creation. She had a mother apparently, which was reasonable, and the mother of the present Kate was a retailer of curios consisting of articles of alleged oak bog, Irish chinaware, etc. It has not necessary to buy any of the aforesaid articles, but it was desirable.

She did not insist on selling her wares, but showed them in such a manner that you were convinced that it was no trouble to show goods. We bought, not on account of the possible bargain day which we were fortunate enough to bump into, but because we were

supposed to want the goods. Her daughter was a worthy successor of the celebrated Kate, if the former Kate was a dispenser of the real thing with pure cows milk mixed. Sure it kept out the cold and rain and warmed the cockels of your heart. I indulged, who wouldn't?

In the meantime I took a look around while our driver was arranging for that celebrated "Low-back car" which we were assured would be on hand to convey, or convoy, us through the gap.

After waiting an unusual length of time, and buying an unnecessary amount of the creature and other comforts of that abode, we were informed that the car was in waiting. We stepped outside to view the famous rig that was to convey us over the pass, and beheld a wagon with two wheeels and a horse with the necessary number of legs awaiting.

The wagon was the most primative and the horse the most up-to-date in tail, legs and head. A bag of hay was placed in the wagon, and we were supposed to sit on that low-back car. We demurred. They expected we would.

A small army gathered after we had pronounced the thing impossible, they were determined we should ride their ponies at their price, and I was determined that we would not. The end came when I assisted my wife to get aboard of the car we came on, and, taking a seat on the opposite side, ordered the driver to drive back to the hotel.

The loss of a fare, either by horse or by any other means, staring the gang in the face, was too much for them. Then the man who went after the low-back car got three pence for his trouble, and the fellow who wanted to bugle for the echoes in the pass was passed out a shilling with the hope that this echo would be his last. The gang still insisting that we ride the ponies, I ordered the driver home.

We started, and the return trip was about the same as the coming. We had our own way, however, and arrived at the hotel. The horses, the driver and myself at outs. I ordered a car for one of the so-called long drives and had a most enjoyable afternoon, taking in

many of the places of interest that we might have otherwise omitted.

In the evening I met at our hotel a number of Americans who had taken the Gap, and the language they used to describe their experience would simply make the paper sizzle. I was informed that when they once got aboard the horses and started, at intervals of about thirty yards, they were stopped, or at least the horses were, which meant the same thing, by old or young women who had for sale socks which nobody could wear, curios nobody wanted, and reliques which everybody doubted, and when the end of the journey was reached they summed up as follows: Paid out about 16 shillings each and nothing to show for it.

### The Lakes.

The lakes are beautiful, three in number, (the upper, middle and lower) dotted with small islands and connected with each other and surrounded by mountains that are grand in their rugged bareness of peak or forest covered sloping sides. We drove through the most pleasant forest scenery around the lakes and boated on the waters from the hotel on the lower lake to the middle and upper, shooting the rapids under the old weir bridge, resting at the meeting of the waters, and returning by the opposite side which showed the shore rocks worn into most peculiar shapes of column and cave by the action of the waters, landed on Innisfalen, and visited the ruined shrine.

The island has been described as the most beautiful spot in the world. The monastery is gone and most of the Abbey. A few walls remain standing.

The island itself is pretty, and when occupied must have been all that has been said about it. In about the center is a spot where it is said were buried in olden times the Abbots and Monks. A slab is pointed out as covering this sacred ground, and around about it grows an old yew tree as if to protect it. The slab is plainly in view under the tree. This old monastery was built in the 6th century and the abbey in the 7th, worn by age and troublous times, it was destroyed and restored

at different periods until it was finally sent the way of all monasteries by Cromwell.

### Muckross Abbey.

Muckross Abbey we visited by jaunting car. It is one of the best preserved of any of the abbeys we have seen yet, being in charge of an attendant and preserved by the Antiquary Society. It was founded in 1340 suppressed in 1542, renovated in 1602 and destroyed in 1652. It is yet two stories high and contains many old stones inside under which some of the most distinguished people of the lakes are quietly resting.

### Ross Castle.

Ross Castle is another place on the lower lake where we drove to. It is pleasantly situated on the water edge. I went to look and a guardian asked me if I wanted to go in. I did, and coughed up 3d. for the privilege of climbing 94 stone steps. The view from the top, however, paid for the exertion. This castle was the fort of O'Donoghue. He is said to lie enchanted at the bottom of the lake surrounded by his people, and once every seven years he is to be seen on May mornings riding across the lake on a white steed and the person who sees him will ever after be lucky. None of the people who told me about this had ever seen him.

Torc Waterfall is off the driveway about 200 yards through the woods, at the entrance of which stands a gate and a man. The gate is ajar but the man is not, it requires 9d. to see the waterfall, which goes to show that even nature will not work unless paid for. The falls are certainly pretty, in a nice secluded spot, they come tumbling over the rocks in three distinct streams, which unite and flow again over the next ledge and then break into many parts unto jagged rocks, meeting finally in the stream below.

### Eagles Nest.

The Eagles Nest is to be seen from most places, it is a high bluff but not the highest peak as I imagined it

would be. It is only 1100 feet, but on account of its boldness looks prominent. The highest peak of the mountains around the lakes is 3414 feet. The Devil's Bite is a fault or bite in the mountain, it shows very plainly and looks as if a piece had actually been taken out.

The story told is that Brian Boru was driving the Devil out of Ireland and they had a fight on this mountain the devil claiming the right to stay there, but Brian got the best of him, and in his anger at his defeat the devil bit this piece out of the mountain so that he might carry some part of Ireland home with him as a souvenir, like the American tourist, but Brian got a half Nelson on the devil and made him drop the bite which fell in the lake near the rock of the Coleen Bawn.

### **Devil's Punch Bowl.**

The Devil's Punch Bowl is a natural reservoir 2,000 feet high, from which Killarney town gets its water, it has never been known to freeze over and yet it is like ice water in summer.

### **Dina's Cottage.**

Dina's Cottage is a pretty place where people generally land for a few minutes after coming through the Weir bridge and the meeting of the waters. You can buy a cup of tea and bog oak or either separately.

### **Glengarriff.**

The following morning at 10 a. m., the coach for Glengarriff pulled up at the hotel and we were soon aboard, having previously engaged the box seats along side of the driver, who proved to be a good natured old native with the necessary amount of wit highly seasoned with blarney. He and I soon became friends in a good natured joshing way. He knew the road well and his horse better, and when he was not talking to the passengers, he was either coaxing, flattering or threatening his horses.

A passenger just behind us—an American, of course,

with a camera—was taking farewell snap shots at the lakes from every point of view, sometimes when the coach was going, and always when it stopped either to allow us to admire the view or rest the horses.

The last snap shot our friend took the old driver remarked: Sure, it's a wonder there's a bit of it left at all at all, so many of the Americans do be taking it away with them. I think the old man must have a bit of sarcasm in his composition, as the snap shot man had requested the driver to stop a few times to enable him to get a better picture of the lakes, and the driver was becoming a little tired of this experience.

The drive was through a rough but picturesque country, wild and unkept, as were most of the natives we met. About the only habitable abode we saw in a long stretch of country was a police barracks. Rocks here and peat bogs there, huts scattered or grouped, but of the most primitive character.

This character of country continued for about an hour and a half, when we pulled up at a roadside house where, as the driver said, we would spoil about five minutes in one way or another. Some of us alighted, and a gentleman who seemed to know what he was talking about told me that there might be bad whisky sold in Ireland, but it was not to be had in there. I asked him to go in and take a chance; he said he didn't tell me that to get me to ask him, but since I wished it he wouldn't refuse.

The country continued mountainous and rolling, with a cultivated bit here and there, till we neared Kinmare, which we reached at about half past one.

This is a pretty little place with a good hotel where we had lunch. The scenery around here is good, fishing and hunting attract many, and lace making at the Convent of Poor Clares is of such a fine quality that it keeps the name before the public.

We were soon on our way again, and after some more climbing, passed out of County Kerry to that of Cork through a tunnel in the Esk mountains. The tunnel is wet and sloppy, cold and drafty, and it was a pleasant surprise on emerging from the Cork end to find a cottage and a warm cup of tea—that's all. We rattled along, our old driver chirping, hissing, talking and

fussing with his horses, till about six o'clock when we made a turn in the road, rattled up the hill, and were in Glengarriff, deposited the mail and the passengers who were going to stop at the down town hotel.

We then drove on and out into the country through scenery that equals if it does not eclipse Killarney. A run of about a mile brought us to Roaches, where we stopped for the night after a drive of 44 miles.

The hotel and fare were good, but even had they not been, the scenery around is of such a character that we would have forgotten our creature comforts for the grandeur of the panorama of water, earth and sky. Glengarriff has been so much written about that I won't say more than to add that all I have thought or said about Killarney can be applied to it—cutting out the profanity.

The next day saw us on our way to Bantry over a road that leads through a country of rocks and quarries of slate, rivers and streams, with Bantry Bay almost always in sight. Some farming land adds a friendly appearance to the landscape and the running of children after the coach every once in a while reminds you that you are still in the country where the future pony drivers are being raised for the Gap of Dunloe.

A three hours' drive brought us to the town of Bantry. A small town with quite a history. It consists of one long street called Barrack street, I think, and at right angles with this is another leading to the bay. The houses are ordinary, mostly one, two and three storys—old style one-storys with thatched roofs, and the two and three with slate roofs.

Bantry Bay was entered by the French in 1689 to aid James II, and again in 1796 to aid Ireland in the revolution. This fleet was dispersed by a storm. One of the vessels had Wolfe Tone, the leader of the Irish Republican party on board.

After looking around for a short time we found ourselves at the R. R. station, and soon on the train for Cork, at which place we arrived about 7 p. m., drove to the Imperial Hotel, where we got better accommodations than we expected.

## CORK.

Cork is quite a town, built on the river Lee. It first got into society in the seventh century, when the missionary bishop, St. Fin Barre, founded a monastery. Two centurys afterward the Danes took a chance at it and established the depot for future red-headed Irish. The characteristics of the Dane, it is claimed, still appear in the Corkonions.

Cork has a few good streets, of which St. Patrick is the best. A statue of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate, occupies a prominent place on this street. Shandon church and its famous bells and St. Fin Barres cathedral constitute some of the attractions of Rebel Cork. It has no greater attraction for me than being close to that celebrated place called Blarney Castle.

### Blarney Castle.

It took us about an hour on a slow train to reach the station of Blarney, and a walk of about five minutes from there to the Castle.

A youthful looking old lady was in charge of the register, after signing which, you may take charge of the Castle and wander around to your hearts content. This lady informed me that she had charge of the place for the last 37 years, and when I asked her if her mother used to bring her to her job at first she told me the Blarney was working already.

The Castle is as old as it is celebrated, and this reversed. It belonged to the MacCarthy during the time of good Queen Bess, and when she doubted his loyalty to her throne he would make such extravagant professions of loyalty that she couldn't help appearing to believe in him, though she doubted his sincerity. On one occasion, when he overstepped the mark and being called upon to explain, the report he sent to her Majesty was so flattering and at the same time insincere that she exclaimed that it was all "blarney." This was the origin of the word in its present meaning.

### The Blarney Stone.

The Castle got into its present condition on account of a heated argument between its then owner and a gentle man by the name of Cromwell in 1642, since which time it has never been used as a residence. The stone which contains all the blarney is about 120 feet above the walk below. It is the lintel of the top window, and in order to kiss the under side of the stone it is necessary first to lie flat on your back, bend backward, and clutching hold of two upright bars of iron, lower the upper part of your body, till your head gets below the stone. After leaving your saliva impression, the next thing is to get back again, which is as difficult, if not more so, than the getting down. In order that those whose lips can find no better occupation may touch the spot that other lips have so lovingly caressed, a hole has been cut in the floor about six feet long and about two feet from the wall.

### Kissing the Blarney Stone.

I looked the situation over—a number of others were doing likewise, about a dozen having come up in the same train, and with some of whom we got in conversation. Among the latter was a young lady, more or less, whose voting years were equal to her qualifying period at least one and a half times. She was on the roof, and the first thing I knew she was removing her wrap then her long coat. By this time I thought I would ask if it was to be Queensbury or Cupid and was soon satisfied when she said "I'm going to kiss it." As I saw I couldn't stop her, I told her I would help her, and, calling on a heavy-looking gentleman to assist me, we got her placed in position one, lying on back. Exercise No. 2 called for bending back and grasping the iron bars, which she did. Now came the most delicate and dangerous part of the performance—ours delicate, hers dangerous. It became our duty as well as our—no just our duty, to hold the boot part of the lady's body, so that should fright or weakness overcome her we might prevent her from falling the distance of 120 feet and not only kissing but biting the dust. Well we held

on, and she lowered her body till she got her head well underneath, and she kissed that blarney stone, and such a one as I never heard before. The sound was a cross between the busting of a gas baloon and the slipping of a loose belt on a pulley.

We pulled her back into safety with particles of the blistered stone clinging lovingly to her tender lips. She stamped her feet to ascertain if she was in the altogether, and not finding any inequality in the length of her walking arrangements, concluded that we were perfect gentlemen, and as such thanked us for our kind assistance.

I told her it was indeed a pleasure, etc., but that though she has kissed the blarney stone and we had heard her do it, yet the people in far off Australia might be sceptical, as there would be no evidence other than her lips that the act was performed. I told her after she had regained her breath at the fright of such a possibility, that I would write out a certificate to the effect that it was so. She was delighted, and we all returned to the ground floor. I asked the thirty-seven-years-in-charge lady for a piece of paper. She didn't have a bit, but when I explained what I wanted it for she tore the back page out of the register. I wrote it out and all present, assistants and spectators alike, signed it.

The girl was so happy over the possession of this precious document that had it not been for the thought of remaining true to the stone, I believe she would have kissed me out of the fullness of her heart. The gentleman that assisted and myself stayed around for some little time to see if any of the others wanted to kiss the blarney stone, but no one offering we said goodbye to the kissing girl at Blarney and the blarney-kissed stone.

We rode back to Cork and our hotel, and had a hearty dinner. I must have eaten something like a welsh rarebit, for all night long I dreamt that I was the blarney stone and that all the young maids from Australia were trying to kiss me.

The following day we took the train for Dublin.

## DUBLIN.

The capital of Ireland has belonged to so many peoples that it is hard to say what it is—Irish, English or Danish. It has been known as the town of the hurdle-ford and Duibh-linn (the black pool).

It first began to be mentioned in the daily papers about 448, when the king of Baile-atha-claith (wherever that was) got converted to the christian faith by Saint Patrick and was baptized at a spring on the south side, now St. Patricks well. Things went along nicely for some time and the people were about to vote on starting Donnebrook as a side show when along comes the Danes and makes Dublin the capital of their settlement in Leinster, and started to fortify the town by building defenses. They made the poor Irish act as hod-carriers, and thus began that ancient and honorable calling, or profession, which so many of the descendants of the old dart have clung to ever since, each one hoping that some day he might go to America and become the walking delegate for the union.

Brian Boru heard of the Danes and put out from his home in Munster, took Dublin and made it very unpleasant for the red-headed gentlemen.

The diplomatic relations between the Danes and the Irish continued strained for a century or so, each trying to reduce the voting strength of the other by any means short of buying drinks. In 1171 along comes the Anglo-Normans and swats the Danes and sinks their torpedo destroyers and captures their submarine boats and Prince Hasculfs and put him to death.

The city then went to King Henry II of England, who feasted the Irish chiefs on corned beef and cabbage, and then gave the town to his friends from Bristol. Continuous scrapping prevailed, but during all this time the better element were busy building churches and breweries—two great civilizing influences.

Christ church was built in 1038 by Sigteyg, the Christian King of the Irish Danes, rebuilt 1170 by the Normans. It collapsed in 1562, and was finally put in its present condition by Mr. Roe, the whiskey distiller.

St. Patricks was started as a rival to Christ Church in 1190 on the site of the old St. Patricks. This church,

like the other, went to the bad, was repaired and restored a number of times.

It was used by Cromwell as a law court, by James II as a stable, and in 1860-5, was put in its present condition by the owner of a brewery, Sir Benjamin Guinness. Christ Church restored by whisky, St. Patrick by porter. Christ Church is said to have cost more than St. Patricks.

Dean Swift was in charge of St. Patricks and he was buried there. This lends an added interest to that church. Both churches are close together. One is the National and the other the City church.

Dublin at present is crowding Belfast pretty hard for first place in population. Though it has not the business in manufacutries, it makes up in other ways.

St. Stephens, Green and Phoenix Park, especially the latter, are places where pure air and a good walk, or drive can be enjoyed. We drove through the park and saw the spot where Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered in 1822. We drove past the several statues erected to the memory of people who are supposed to have aided or injured Ireland; visited some of the places of note, namely the National Museum and Library, Bank of Ireland, Trinity College, the Castle, the Four Courts and the Worlds' Fair.

The National Museum has many interesting things of Ireland: its old bells and crosses, curiously engraved, old stones and many fine samples of Irish lace.

The Bank of Ireland is noted because of its history as the meeting place of the House of Parliament in College Green.

It seems in the 17th century it was known as Chichester House, and after the Restoration was purchased for the Parliment, and was built, or rebuilt, in 1729-39. The Union in 1801 put it out of commissioin, and it was purchased by the Bank of Ireland for 40,000 pounds. It was changed around to suit the banking business, but the House of Lords remains as it was—the same chairs and tables, in an oblong room. The walls of either side are covered with tapestry—on one side The Battle of the Bayne and on the other the Siege of Londonderry.

Grafton, College Green, Dame and Sackville streets.

are good, and the stores on Grafton street are a fair comparison with the best of most large cities in the British Isles.

The Worlds' Fair is short drive out past St. Stephens, Green. We went there in the afternoon, had dinner on the grounds and spent a pleasant evening looking over a very creditable exhibition of the products of Ireland and a fine display from Canada.

The show itself was not very large, but it filled the bill, and whatever was lacking in quantity was certainly made up for in Irish enthusiasm, from the baby in the incubator to an Irish wake. All the phases of life were depicted, and through it all we failed to find any evidence of "The most distressful country."

Dublin is a fine city, and its people are said to speak the English in its purity, and I think they do, and with a delightful Dublin accent, but they still cling to that outlandish custom of printing their menus in a language that neither themselves nor the average diner can understand. At the Shellbourne Hotel the menus are printed in alleged French. When I picked it up the first morning to order my breakfast I was surprised, and told the German waiter who was to take my order that I could not speak Irish. Vell dot vos not Irish, dot vas French. I told him it was just as bad, and to get some one who could take the order in English. I wanted oatmeal, either as porridge, mush or stirabout—that is the English, American and Irish way of calling it. Why won't some hotel manager with the bump of common sense developed to a common size print his bill of fare in the language of the country his hotel is in, instead of making asses of ninety-eight per cent of his patrons for the benefit of the—I was going to say two, but I was then including the manager, but on second thought the manager does not as a rule know what his bill of fare means himself.

Dublin would require a longer stay than we could give to learn to order our meals and take in all that is worth seeing, but we saw what we could, also what we ate, and after vision and appetite had been satisfied, took the train for Belfast, where we arrived about 10 P. M., had supper in English and retired.

Spent the following two days visiting and buying

things impossible as presents or souvenirs, with the exception of passenger tickets to Glasgow, for which place we sailed the following evening, after saying good-bye to quite a number of new-made friends and one or two of the very long ago.

## GLASGOW

Glasgow, though a modern city in every sense of the word, would not have one "think" it had not a past. It has a saint, its Cathedral, its royal visitors, its war times and its peace. To show that Glasgow is no upstart, it points to the fact that in the 3rd century St. Ninian established himself in a cell on the banks of the Molen-dinar, at Glasgow. How long he remained is not told, but after his departure it adds that the place was left to heathendom, and did not know much about anything until the patron saint, Kentigren, familiarly known as "Mungo," took a chance, in the sixth century. He converted everything in sight, but that was not saying much. The people around became so good that nothing was heard of them from then till the 12th century, and even then Glasgow would not have known it was on the map had not a new Bishop been sent around to stir things up on the Clyde. His name was Ioceline, and he stood so well higher up, that William The Lion made them a burgh, with a weekly market.

This happened in 1176, and later they were permitted to loaf for two weeks annually, from the Thursday of the second week in July. This is known as the Glasgow fair.

The city cannot remember who its Godparents were who gave it that name, but looks back to the time of Mungo, when it was called Cathures, but does not know why. The wise ones say it is of Celtic origin, and probably means the "grey smith," but they do not care, so long as you let Glasgow flourish, which is the motto of the city. But when some one called them down because it was selfish, they added "by the preaching of thy word."

In order to keep up an air of respectability it points to the fact that it had some rough-house in early days, William Wallace taking a fall out of some English right in the streets in 1300, and in 1697 Prince Charlie passed through on his way home from a disagreement with Eng-

land. He reviewed his troops in Glasgow Green, and told them there was nothing doing.

Its first real idea of becoming anything much occurred to it after the discovery of America and the river Clyde. Tobacco and sugar became their long suite, and when the War of Independence broke out Glasgow controlled half the tobacco trade of the kingdom. The people smoked up and got a move on; found out they could build ships and swelled up to such an extent that at the present time, with a population of 1,000,000, they are inviting delegations from other countries to show them how to govern a city and not have graft scandals come to light.

The city is commercial, first, last and all the time. Some little sentiment is to be found here and there, but it is not scattered broadcast.

The Cathedral is the relic of olden times, and is dedicated to St. Kentigren. The first part of it was built in 560, and was considerably out of date when King David came to the throne in 1124, and appointed John Achaius Bishop of Glasgow, and endowed and dedicated the Cathedral in 1136, which was built on the original site.

The present church is old, but nothing of the 1136 one is left except the lot and a little of the foundation. The architecture is early English, and compares favorably with many other churches in other towns, where they have more time for prayers.

The city itself is not especially beautiful, but has good substantial buildings, particularly of municipal character. George Square, the center of the city, contains monuments of public characters, and one side is taken up by the "City Chambers," a building that Glasgow may well be proud of. The general postoffice, the Bank of Scotland and other notable buildings are around this square.

The principal shopping streets are Sauchuhall, Argyle, Jamaica, Trongate and Buchanan streets.

The river Clyde, the great ship-building waterway, is navigable for ocean vessels as far as Jamaica-street bridge, which might be called the business center of Glasgow.





It is all business, and a person has no business there unless he goes on business.

A stay of three days satisfied us. It was instructive, but not exhilarating.

### EDINBURGH.

A ride of an hour and five minutes from Glasgow landed us at the North British station in Edinburgh, in time for lunch at the railway hotel, "The North British." The train arrives about 50 feet below Princess street. We were shown to the lift and landed on the office floor, and assigned to a room. Had lunch soon after, and then ordered a carriage and started out to see the town.

Edinburgh, from every point of view is interesting. I was interested before I saw it, and since seeing it my interest has increased to admiration.

It was first talked about in 617, when Edwin, King of Northumbria, established a fortress on the Castle Rock. Buildings began to spring up at the base of the rock, and we find Edwin Burgh. It was a small change from Edwin Burgh to Edinburgh, and in those days everybody wanted the change.

The history of the Castle and the town read so much alike that with few exceptions they may be considered one.

England and Scotland had some very heated arguments over this castle before and after it became the capital of Scotland, which took place in 1437, Perth having heretofore been the brain center of national activity.

It is not necessary to go into the cause of the hard feeling that existed between London and Edinburgh, nor the trouble that ensued by people taking sides, further than to say that Edinburgh was involuntarily made the host of the English in 1544, and again in 1650, when Cromwell, knowing that he was not popular, insisted on calling, and sending a lot of his followers as boarders to the castle, dead-heading the whole bunch.

This sort of business became tiresome, and London and Edinburgh came to the conclusion that it would be just as well to get together, and instead of fussing around about the color of one fellow's tartan, or the style of the

other fellows' silk hat, or knee breeches, see to it that no one should butt in against the other, even if they could not always think each other as good as he ought to be.

This gave Edingurgh a chance to sit down quietly in the winter evenings, and tell about Mary Queen of Scotts, John Knox, Sir Walter Scott and other people, and some of the houses made famous by them and their history.

As I am on the subject of Mary and others, I may as well tell you what I learned of them during my visit to the scene; but as Mary and some of the Scottish characters will appear in the Castle, either as rulers or prisoners, I might as well tell all I know about it in a general way.

The Castle, towering over the finest city in the British Empire, (this is not original, I read it in Edinburgh), is shrouded in oblivion, but it is known that prior to 617 the Piets had a place on the hill in which the daughters of the Kings and nobles were kept so that the Scots could not make eyes at them. This was what caused Edwin to take a chance at it. Then in 687 the Piets took it back again, and, on Hog-ma-nay night, they took account of their possessions and found as follows:

The grounds and the Castle occupy seven acres on top, and was fronted by an esplanade 350 feet long and 300 feet wide, and 443 feet above sea-level; a few rooms, and very little in the larder, an empty whisky bottle without the label (but it is supposed to have been one of Edinburgh's best Scotch annihilators). Search in the basement disclosed a full case of the same brand, and nothing further is said about the history of the Castle for a long time.

Malcolm III made it his residence in the latter part of the 11th century, and Margaret, his wife, had built a chapel on the heights. It still remains, and has been restored. It is on the site where the Mons Meg battery stands, and is said to be the smallest chapel in Scotland.

Things ran along indifferently until that hapless Queen Mary came along. She was born on the 8th of December, 1542, at Linlithgow Palace. James, her father, was dying at Falkland Palace at the same time, and when he was informed of her birth, he exclaimed: "The crown came with a lass and will go with a lass."

Henry VIII wanted her for his son, so that the coun-

tries should be united, but some church people kicked, and she was affianced to the Dauphin of France, and at the age of about six years she was sent over to be educated as a future queen of France should be.

She was married in Paris on the 24th of April, 1558, at the Cathedral Notre Dame.

Elizabeth became queen of England about this time, and the King of France, dying, raised Mary, with her husband, as rulers of that country. Then Mary's mother died in Scotland, and Mary became queen there, and her trouble began. She was up against John Knox and the reformers, Elizabeth and others. She had a few husbands, some friends and many enemies. She will never be canonized as a saint, but she came within one of being a martyr.

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburg, Aug. 15, 1771. His career is so well known that it is unnecessary to go into details. His unfortunate venture in business, and the failure of his associates, his great work to clear off the debt, his association with people and places around Cannongate, his whole life, and final end, show the grand character of the man. Edinburgh has erected on Princess street a monument to his memory that is worthy of both the city and the man.

John Knox, the great reformer of Scotland, was born at Haddington, in the country town of East Lothian, in 1505. He was educated later in the University at Glasgow. He had all sorts of ups and downs, did John, but he was a good stayer, and when the reformation came around, he took two tickets and attended every performance.

He got into all sorts of mix-ups with Queen Mary about which way her little lambs should go. His house on High street, is visited by many, on account of his memory, and the persons that in his life time visited him there, either as friend or foe.

He died in 1572, and from what I learned, his neighbors all seem satisfied about both his birth and his death.

Edinburgh has other things outside the Castle, Mary, Knox and Scott, that are worth spending a few minutes over. For instance, we were pointed out the house where Darwin roomed when he was monkeying with the question of the descent of man. Where Burns slept (if he

ever did) when in Edinburgh; his Masonic lodge room, which I visited—the place where he and Scott met.

Leaving individuals, we were shown Holyrood Castle, the Westminister of Scotland, in one sense, the closes in Canongate, the museum, and many other places and things, but it would take too long to tell of them, and they can be read about.

We took the train and went as far as the Forth Bridge, a wonderful piece of engineering. It is the highest bridge in the world, being 450 feet from its base to the highest point. It is one and one-fifth miles long and is cantilever in construction; 50,000 tons of steel were used in building it, and it required 8,000,000 rivets to hold the steel in place. Seven years were required in its building, at a cost of \$17,500,000.

Now that we are through with monuments and things, a few words about the place itself.

I consider Princess street one of the best to be found anywhere I have visited. The hotels and stores are excellent; the residence district all that could be expected. I have seen more than I expected, and would like to write something of what I have heard, but I have our tickets for New York in my pocket, and our things are in Wigan, so we must hurry away from a trip that is half finished, but carrying away with us pleasant memories of "Auld Reekie," and a lingering hope that this will not be the last visit.

## WIGAN.

Wigan, the jumping-off place of England, I might call it, although Liverpool is actually it. The in-and-out town in Lancashire, where we first put our slippers under the bed, as a home, and from where we motored to Liverpool on the 2nd of November, after scraping the mud from our feet and wiping a mixture of coal dust and a Wigan drizzle from our faces.

This would not seem good for Wigan, and would lead one to think that as a town it was only a necessity, so far as we were concerned; but that would be wrong, for Wigan, its coal dust and soot, its dialect and clogs not-

withstanding, has wiggled itself into a very warm spot in our hearts.

It is a town hardly worth speaking about, or a very important place, just as you see it or know it. To see it, you could forget it in a minute, but to know it and its people, then you would remember it as a community of individuals who desire to live and let live.

This statement is hardly correct. Their desire to live is all right, but the let live part of it must be qualified. Had they let me live, from their point of view, I would have been dead in a month, with eating between drinks, and drinking between meals.

It gets its first notice in the morning papers about the Roman period. I find all towns in England are dug up by the Romans, and start making history for themselves immediately after. Wigan needed some digging up then, but not now. It is the most dug up place in the world. The town is built over old worked-out coal mines, and the settlement of the earth causes the houses to act like the English people—crack but not bend.

But the town really deserves better at my hands and I must not abuse it.

Its history is about as follows: Its origin is Saxon; its name means a fight, or rather fights; it was taking milk diet in the Roman period; cutting its eye teeth under the supervision of King Arthur; got in on the right side after the Norman conquest. Chartered by Henry III, and told to continue doing business by Edward II, Henry VI and Charles II.

It has its local history, and who can blame it for telling that a valiant Knight went to the Crusades from Wigan. His name was Sir William Bradshaighe. He left behind a weeping family. He was gone for ten years. In the meantime a fellow from St. Helens, or Wales, or some other out-laying burgh, came home and told the good lady that it was 23 for the old man; that the Saracens didn't do a thing to him. He kept calling afternoons and evenings, and finally married Lady Mab.

An Enoch Arden scene took place one day later, but the traitor who had married the lady fled, but was pursued, and the funeral of the butter-in was held a few days after at Newton Park. A cross in Wigan is still to be seen, to which, as a self-inflicted penalty for marrying

the Welcher, the lady walked barefoot from her home once a week, and the place is known as Mab's Cross.

Wigan at present has a population of close to 100,000. Coal mines, iron and cotton are its chief industries. It has no buildings of note, except the church, which some swear by, and some at; and a main street, on which two railway stations are located. From this street branch two others, one leading to the football grounds and the other to the Workhouse. Ours was the Workhouse, and our abiding place, the master and matron being our friends since the days of our mud-pie, marble and top period.

The Conservative Club, composed of the most liberal fellows, made it pleasant for me during my in-and-out periods, and the families of some of the members (excellent people, strange to say) made the week of our departure one to be remembered.

We left smoky, sooty, dirty, dreary Wigan, with its good-natured, whole-souled people behind, on the 2nd of November. When the gates of the Workhouse shut us out, and accompanied by the master and matron, motored through the adjoining burghs to Liverpool and the steamer Lusitania.

### LIVERPOOL AND ON BOARD.

After a good run through towns and villages we arrived in Liverpool. We had, by an early train, sent our things, and made direct for the boat, and found everything that we had marked "wanted" in our cabin. We went ashore again and had a look around.

Liverpool is the second city and the principal seaport in England, with a population of about 700,000. I had looked it over before and thought it would do, but when I boarded the steamer and took a general look through her, I came to the conclusion that Liverpool is but a small place, indeed, and is mentioned only in connection with the Cunard Steamship Company as a coaling station and point of departure for the queen of the waters, the Lusitania.

The crowded wharfs, the bustle of the longshoresmen, the rush of the passengers' baggage in the hold and cabins, a long blast of the whistle, the all ashore order,

the laughing, crying and hysterical good-byes and embraces, a few short orders, the gang plank down, the ropes cast off, another toot or so, and we were clear of the wharf, and amid waving of handkerchiefs, umbrellas, flags and hats, started to break the world's record on the greatest steamship that ever floated.

### THE LUSITANIA.

The Lusitania was built on the Clyde. She is 790 feet long, 88 feet broad and 60 feet deep; with a displacement of 43,000 tons; speed 25 knots, and can carry 3150 persons.

The state rooms are 10½ feet high, and there are 5000 electric lamps and 1200 windows; five decks for passengers, and two elevators in the first salon. There are two dining rooms, one on the upper and one on the salon deck; the upper and lower are connected by a large central light-well. The upper has small tables, and the lower is set with short lengths on the sides and small round ones in the center.

On the salon promenade deck is a writing room and library forward; then the main stair case and elevators.

This is also a general lounging place. A passage on either side leads to the salon, lounging and music rooms. Through another passage one on either side to the salon smoking room, and from that still further aft to the veranda cafe or palm garden, open at the end and presenting a full view of the ocean without exposure to the weather. All these rooms are fitted up with fine lounges and chairs of the most comfortable character. The salon promenade deck has an uncovered promenade equal to 400 yards to the lap; the one below this, or the promenade deck, has the same distance around, but is largely occupied with the personal chairs of the passengers—something not allowed above.

Taking the ship right through, every accommodation of a modern city and every luxury of a first class hotel can be found aboard the Lusitania. Even those who may be used to earthquake countries can sit in the smoking room and enjoy all the comforts of home, for the

vibration is a very good imitation of a tremor in good working order.

The official log says we left Liverpool at 7:24 p. m., November 2nd, and I take it for granted that it was so. A general look around and a setting of things here and there in the cabin, and the story of the first night on board is told.

We arrived at Queenstown at 6:57 a. m., by the log. The bumb-boat women came aboard, with laces and ornaments of bog oak, postal cards and shillalahas. We also took on some passengers, the mail and telegrams. I got one letter and five telegrams, conveying good wishes from our friends for a pleasant voyage, and at 11:34 a. m. passed Daunt's rock and were fairly started on the official trip.

I find that, including the crew, we are 2864 souls—I think that is the correct expression, and means saved and unsaved. In the salon there are 442, and I began to take a general observation of the other 441 millionaires, multi and otherwise. They averaged up pretty well and many of them looked almost human.

I had heard that corporations were soulless and millionaires were shy on hearts, and as a large number of the passengers were representatives of one or both, I thought I would observe them closely, and am satisfied that they are largely constituted like the ordinary person who possesses only a paltry few hundred thousand dollars. A-Sir Somebody, and the Lord Knowswho, both passengers, walked and talked like other people, and never intimated once that the rest of us only lived by their permission, and the unyielding propensity of the ultra-wealthy was not in evidence, for when we ran into a storm some of them acted just like a very poor person would, and yielded up all they had, and so I have come to this conclusion, that take the ordinary millionaire or local celebrity and place him on board the Lusitania, or on the streets of a large home or foreign city, and the greatness of his importance disappears, not only in the eyes of the general observer but in his own.

The general arrangement for the care of the passengers is excellent. First your bath in the morning, your fruit or coffee, or both, soon after; get your morning paper and after reading the news of the world, sometimes read-

ing of events before the time they happened, from a day and hour point of view.

You breakfast about nine, or later, at a little round table at which from 4 to 7 can sit, according to arrangement. After breakfast you walk, read, lounge, smoke or get sick, just as it happens. About half past ten or eleven beef tea and other things of like character are served. You may take them, reject or eject them at will. Lunch is served at one. More walks, etc. Late in the afternoon some more confidence restorer is passed around. This keeps you from starving till seven, when more ballast is taken in the shape of soups and salads, and, should the pangs of hunger make you yearn for another square meal, you can be accommodated by pushing the button in your cabin and the steward or stewardess will procure you anything you crave, from Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup to hard boiled eggs. After this you retire for the night or till called for, depending on the weather.

This is a fair sample of one day on board, but it can be varied, weather permitting.

A lack of striking individuality in this aggregation of wealth and social activity bars the possibility of selecting any one with any particular characteristic, and, indeed, I considered it an evidence of good level-headedness on the part of the passengers that no one in particular behaved in such a manner as to attract attention or invite criticisms.

The grey hounds of the ocean, as these boats are called, make the trip in such short time, that the forming of acquaintances, let alone friendships, becomes more or less the exception than the rule. Then the large number carried, the size of the boat, the number of decks, of lounging, smoking, reading and writing rooms, almost preclude the probability of meeting each other, except by arrangement, and it is only when an occasion like the storm we ran into on the night of Wednesday, which continued until late Thursday evening, that the individual faces seem to strike you more distinctly. They are fewer, and the storm seems to draw together those who have not been drawn apart.

This particular storm reached its height in the afternoon of Thursday, and it was all that could be desired.

It tested the Lusitania and the passengers. Quite a number made almost as good a showing as the vessel. We happened to be among the lucky ones. On the main deck toward the stern, and, where the division between the first and second class passengers is made, the end is open, like the end of an observation car, only on a much larger scale. This is the palm garden, and here we sat and enjoyed the storm. Knowing the safety of the boat, and our dinner, we watched the waves break over the ship, or toss her about as if she were the merest life boat. I found a point from which I could see her dip into the water after having mounted a wave, and it looked as if she would continue on her downward course; then a quivering and a shivering like a dog shaking himself after coming out of the water, and up she would come, until you would almost think the wind would blow under her keel.

It certainly was one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. The wind and waves doing their level best, as if to show this queen of the ocean that a couple of the gods were still doing business at the same old stand; but the gods got tired and the queen of the ocean came out triumphant, but not without some scars in the shape of twisted iron and broken windows.

We arrived alongside the wharf at New York in the forenoon of Friday, and waited on board for a short time to avoid the rush and the waiting for baggage examination.

Finally we concluded to go ashore and get a carriage. I took my wife to the hotel, and went back to attend to the custom house business. On landing, we were pleased to find waiting to welcome us to New York, one of our mess mates of the Princess Irene, in the person of the wife of my "puzzle," who has long since ceased to be so. We drove to the hotel. I left the ladies to talk over their travels, our passage, the breaking of the record, and myself. After getting the porter from the hotel and arranging for a wagon, I drove back to the wharf, found my things all arranged in a pile. I got an inspector who happened to know that I didn't have anything dutiable, and, while doing his whole duty, did not make an un-

necessary "bull in a china shop" of our effects.

I then left the hotel porter in charge and went back to the hotel.

When I arrived, it just occurred to me that I had forgotten to note the change in my temperature when I landed and saw old glory, and least there should be any doubt about it, I immediately proceeded to the bar, told the man to make it straight, and then, on second thought, added a little water; mixed it as it were to the stars and stripes and the union jack of old England.

Now Friend Dick:—

I intend visiting Washington, Philadelphia, Niagara, Buffalo and Chicago for a day or so at each place. I will not send you any more writing, but will telegraph you when to expect me.

In the meantime, if a place is convenient, and some of the boys are around, just take one with your glad-to-be-back-again old friend.

JIM.







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